

The silence of the dorm room was a fragile thing. Saturday night, 9:33 PM. Most of the other residents of Mount Saint Mary's were out getting drunk, loud, or laid, their chaotic social frequencies finally dialed down to a tolerable absence. For Nelson Beri, this was the sabbath. The room was his temple, the glow of his MacBook Air M2 the only altar light.

The ethereal, crystalline melody of *Final Fantasy XIV*'s "Whisper of The Land" flowed from his headphones, a clean flute melody that washed over the raw, uninsulated wiring of his nervous system. His fingers traced the trackpad, scrolling through half-finished Python code that felt more like a chore than a passion. His stomach rumbled, a low, demanding growl. The last meal had been a brick of frozen butter and six boiled eggs, and his body was already demanding the next batch of fat and protein. *Probably just gonna eat the rest of that bacon in the mini-fridge*, he thought, the idea of the grease a bright spark in the quiet darkness of his mind.

He leaned back in his chair, the cheap pleather groaning under his slight frame. The music, as it always did, began to bleed into his thoughts, turning them inward. The familiar, aching throb started low in his gut, a heat that had nothing to do with digestion. It was a constant companion, a ghost that lived in his veins, a desperate hunger that no amount of meat could ever satisfy. *Fuck, I'm so horny it hurts*. It wasn't just a thought; it was a physical sensation, a pressure behind his eyes, a tightness in his balls that felt like a low-grade electrical current. He had already jerked off thrice today, scrolling through images of impossibly buxom, platinum-blond sorceresses and demonic queens, the glow of the screen illuminating the lonely, desperate ritual. But it was like trying to put out a forest fire with a fucking eye-dropper.

His gaze drifted to his own reflection in the dark screen. Skinny. Bony shoulders poking out of the red and gray sweater. The glint of his glasses. The quiet, unremarkable face of a fucking nerd who spent his weekends listening to video game music and fantasizing about being smothered to death by a pair of tits the size of his own goddamn head. A deep, familiar shame washed over him, cold and heavy. He wanted to be crushed, to be held, to disappear into the milky scent and suffocating warmth of a woman so powerful she could break him in half. A woman who wouldn't talk about drama or stare at her phone. A woman who would just... *be there*. A mom. A goddess. A fucking anything.

"Goddammit," he whispered, the sound swallowed by the music.

That's when the music stuttered.

It wasn't a buffer. It was a glitch, a digital seizure. The crystalline notes of the piano warped into a low, guttural groan, like a corrupted audio file. The lights in his dorm room flickered once, twice, then died, plunging the room into absolute blackness save for the now-flickering screen of his laptop.

"What the fuck?" Nelson ripped his headphones off. The silence was wrong. It was heavy, thick, and vibrating with a low-frequency hum that he could feel in his teeth. It was the sound of a massive, overloaded transformer, the sound of a power grid about to fucking fail.

In the center of his room, the air began to shimmer.

It started as a pinprick of violet light, hanging in the space between his bed and his desk. It wasn't a reflection. It was a hole. A tear in the very fabric of the room. It expanded, not like a balloon, but like a crack spreading across a sheet of glass, silent and utterly wrong. The hum intensified, and the air filled with the sharp, sterile scent of ozone, the smell of a lightning strike right before it hits.

The portal, now the size of a doorway, wasn't just a color. It was a churning, chaotic vortex of crushed amethyst and pure void, light and the absence of light swirling together in a way that made his eyes water and his brain ache. His trauma, his life-long flinch response to anything loud or sudden, kicked in. His heart hammered against his ribs. He thought of his father's shouting, his brother's fists, the screaming matches in the kitchen. *Don't make a sound. Don't move. Be invisible.*

But the portal didn't care if he was invisible. A tendril of purple energy, thin as a wire, lashed out and wrapped around his ankle. It wasn't hot. It wasn't cold. It was nothing. A total absence of sensation, more terrifying than any pain.

"Oh, fuck me," he whimpered, his voice a pathetic squeak.

The pull wasn't a tug; it was a goddamn amputation. It was the universe grabbing him by the leg and trying to rip him out of reality. His chair skidded across the floor. He clawed at his desk, his fingers scrabbling for purchase, but the force was absolute. It was the physics of a black hole, a one-way trip. He was dragged across the floor, his laptop tumbling after him, its power cord ripping from the wall with a shower of sparks.

"No, no, no, fuck, FUCK!" The scream was ripped from his lungs as he was pulled into the shimmering event horizon.

The transition was a violation. It was the sensation of being turned inside out, of his skin, his muscles, his very atoms being peeled apart and stretched into an infinite, screaming line of data. Colors he had no name for exploded behind his eyes. Sounds of a million frequencies tore at his eardrums. It was the raw, unshielded feed of the cosmos being mainlined directly into his uninsulated soul, and his mind, his fragile, autistic mind, shattered. He vomited, but the vomit had nowhere to go, dissolving into the chaotic current along with the rest of him.

And then, silence. And impact.

He landed hard, not on the cheap carpet of his dorm, but on something soft, wet, and profoundly alive. He lay there, spasming, his cheek pressed against damp soil and rotting leaves. The contents of his stomach emptied onto the ground beside him, a pathetic puddle of bile and half-digested bacon.

He pushed himself up, trembling, his body screaming with a phantom agony. His clothes were soaked. His glasses were gone. He was in a forest. But it was wrong. The trees were titans,

their trunks thicker than cars, their canopy so dense that the sky was just a distant, green-tinted memory. The air felt so thick and heavy that it made his lungs almost feel too full with every ragged breath. The air smelled of damp earth, of a thousand unknown blossoms, of decay and primordial life.

And it was quiet.

So quiet. No cars. No sirens. No yelling from the dorm next door. Just the whisper of the wind through the colossal leaves and the skittering of unseen creature. The silence was so absolute, so profound, it was a sound in itself. It was the silence he had dreamed of his entire life. And it was the most terrifying thing he had ever experienced.

He fumbled for his glasses, his hands patting the wet ground until they found the familiar plastic frames, miraculously unbroken. He slid them on, the world snapping into a terrifying focus. Every leaf, every drop of dew, every strand of moss was rendered in impossible detail.

He was alone. Truly, utterly alone, in a place that shouldn't exist. He checked his pockets. His phone was there. His solar charger. His backpack, miraculously, was still slung over one shoulder, its weight providing a familiar, comforting anchor. He was still himself. A skinny, scared, fucking nerd in a forest from a dream.

And then, as the adrenaline began to ebb, replaced by a cold, creeping dread, the old, familiar ache returned. The baseline hum of his existence. The constant, nagging, desperate throb of his libido, now amplified by the mortal terror.

Great, he thought, his mind a maelstrom of confusion and fear. *I'm gonna get eaten by a fucking dinosaur. And I'm gonna die with a boner.*

Nelson Beri lay there, gasping, the damp rot of the forest floor seeping into his jeans. His heart was hammering a frantic, staccato rhythm against his ribs, loud enough to drown out the alien chirping of the insects around him. But the loudest signal in his body wasn't his heart. It was his crotch.

"Why... why the fuck is it so... hard?" he whimpered, his voice cracking.

It wasn't just an erection. It was a monolith. A painful, throbbing rod of iron that felt like it was trying to punch its way out of his basketball shorts. It pulsed in time with the low-frequency hum vibrating through the soil beneath him. The sensation was maddening—a mix of terrified adrenaline and a raw, needy lust that made his vision swim. It felt like the ground itself was molesting him, pumping invisible energy up through his ass and straight into his balls.

He tried to shift his hips, to relieve the pressure, but the movement just dragged his hyper-sensitive cock against the rough fabric of his underwear. A jolt of pleasure-pain arched up his spine, so intense his toes curled in his sneakers.

"F-fuck," he hissed, squeezing his eyes shut. "Stop it. I'm gonna die. I'm gonna get eaten by a bear and I'm just laying here rock hard like a fucking pervert."

He forced himself to sit up. The movement made his head spin. The air here was... thick. It tasted like ozone, steam, and crushed flowers. Every breath felt like inhaling pure oxygen from a tank, making his blood fizz. He scrambled backward until his back hit the rough bark of a massive tree. The texture scraped against his sweater, grounding him slightly.

He looked down. The tent in his shorts was ridiculous. It was humiliating. Mom would kill me if she saw me like this. Just... disgusting. The shame washed over him, familiar and cold, warring with the heat in his groin. He wanted to touch it. He wanted to unzip his pants and stroke himself until his brain turned off, until the terrifying, screaming silence of the forest was replaced by the white noise of an orgasm. He imagined a faceless, heavy woman sitting on his lap, her thighs crushing his hips, forcing the fear out of him.

No. Stop. Survival. Think, Nelson. Think like... like Senku.

He slapped his own cheek, the sting bringing tears to his eyes. Okay. Water. Shelter. Food. In that order. Or was it shelter first? Fuck, I don't remember the Kiwix file perfectly.

His throat felt like sandpaper. The vomiting had dehydrated him instantly. He could feel his electrolytes being drained, a subtle trembling in his fingers that he recognized from his days of fasting. He needed meat. He needed water.

He listened. Beneath the roar of his own blood and the rustle of the wind, he heard a trickle. Water.

He pushed himself up, his legs wobbling like a newborn deer's. He kept one hand on the tree trunk for support, feeling the weird, pulsating warmth radiating from the wood. It felt... alive. Not just biology-alive, but like... something else. Nelson instinctively took his hand away from the tree. Huh? "What the..."

He snatched his hand back as if the bark had bitten him. It hadn't just been warm. It had throbbed. A slow, rhythmic pulse against his palm, heavy and wet, like pressing his hand against the neck of a sleeping animal.

"Did... did that tree just have a heartbeat?" he whispered, staring at the rough, moss-covered wood. "Am I losing it? Is this... is this like a stroke? Mom said I'd have a stroke if I ate too much butter..."

He backed away, his sneakers squelching in the damp earth. The hum in his ears spiked, a high-pitched whine that made his teeth ache. The forest wasn't just silent; it was watching. He could feel it. Not with his eyes, but with the raw, exposed pores of his skin. It felt like walking into a room where everyone had just stopped talking to stare at you. A suffocating pressure of presence.

He needed water. The sound of the trickle was his only lifeline.

He turned and stumbled toward the sound, forcing his legs to move. Every step was a battle. His erection was a rigid, painful bar of steel caught in the fabric of his shorts. With every stride, the head of his cock dragged against the rough mesh lining, sending jolts of over-stimulating friction straight to his brain.

"Fuck, ow, fuck," he hissed, walking with a wide, awkward gait to minimize the contact. He tried to adjust himself, reaching down to grab the waistband of his shorts, but his hand brushed the tip of his penis through the fabric.

He gasped, his knees buckling. The sensation was electric. It wasn't just sensitivity; it was torture. His body felt like it was vibrating, like he was holding a live wire. He could feel wetness spreading in his underwear—thick, hot, and humiliating. He was leaking. He hadn't even touched himself, and he was soaking his boxers with precum.

"Stop it, stop it, stop it," he whimpered, tears pricking his eyes. "I'm scared. I'm literally about to die in a forest and I'm leaking like a... like a girl in those hentai videos. Jesus Christ, Nelson, get a grip. You're disgusting."

He hated this body. He hated how weak it was, how easily it betrayed him. He hated the way his balls ached, a heavy, dragging weight that felt like they were full of lead shot. The pressure was intense, a deep, cramping fullness that demanded release, demanded he drop his pants right there in the dirt and stroke until his arm went numb.

Water. Get water first. Then you can... figure this out.

He pushed through a thicket of ferns that reached his chest. The leaves brushed against his arms, and again, that shock—a static discharge that made his arm hair stand up. The plants felt heavy with energy.

And then, he saw it.

A small stream, cutting through the black soil and exposed roots. The water was impossibly clear, glowing with a faint, almost imperceptible blue luminescence in the twilight under the canopy.

Nelson fell to his knees on the muddy bank, not caring about the slime soaking into his shins. He scrambled forward, his breath coming in ragged, shallow gasps. He stared at his reflection in the water. His glasses were crooked. His eyes looked wide and manic. He looked like prey.

He cupped his hands and dipped them into the icy water. His hands—his skinny, trembling hands—looked alien to him. He brought the water to his lips and...

Wait... don't I have to boil this first?

"Oh god... Giardia. Cryptosporidium. Fuck, fuck, fuck."

Nelson froze, water dripping from his trembling fingers back into the stream. His mind raced, pulling up cached memories of the Water Treatment Library Kiwix file he'd skimmed months ago. Boil for at least one minute at rolling boil. Or iodine tablets. I don't have tablets. I don't have a pot. I don't have fire.

His throat constricted, dry and sticky. The thirst was a physical weight, heavier than the backpack, heavier than the shame. But the fear of shitting himself to death in an alien forest was far worse.

He looked at his hands. They were shaking violently. Not just from fear, but from a weird, buzzing energy that seemed to be pooling in his palms. It felt like holding a vibrating game controller, but deeper. Under the skin.

Wait. The theory. Magic is energy. Heat is energy. E equals MC squared... or... thermodynamics. If I can... if I can just vibrate the molecules...

It sounded stupid. It sounded like something he'd read in a teenager's sci-fi fanfiction. But the hum in the air was so loud, and the pressure in his balls was so intense, it felt like his body was a battery about to leak acid.

"Just... just heat up," he whispered to the water in his cupped hands. "Just fucking boil. Please."

He squeezed his eyes shut. He tried to focus. He didn't know a spell. He just imagined the water molecules dancing. He imagined the chaotic, red-hot energy of a Fire spell from Final Fantasy. He pushed. He didn't know what he was pushing, but he shoved it open.

SNAP.

A jolt of agony ripped through his wrists. It felt like he'd stuck his fingers into a toaster.

"AH! Fuck!"

He dropped the water, splashing it onto his knees. Steam curled up from his wet palms. His skin was red, tender, stinging as if he'd slapped a hot stove.

"I... I did it?" He stared at his hands, eyes wide, breath hitching. "I actually... holy shit."

He didn't have time to celebrate. A wave of dizziness hit him like a sledgehammer. His vision grayed out for a second. His stomach cramped, a hollow, gnawing void opening up inside him. It wasn't a blue bar in a video game. It was his blood sugar crashing through the floor.

But he needed water. He gritted his teeth, ignoring the sting in his palms, and scooped up another handful. This time, he didn't try to boil it. He just... pushed a little bit of that static through it. A purifying buzz. He hoped it was enough.

He drank. The water was freezing cold, metallic, and tasted... sweet. Like it had sugar in it. Or maybe electricity.

He guzzled three handfuls, gasping between gulps, water running down his chin and soaking the collar of his sweater.

He collapsed back onto the moss, panting. The relief was instant, but so was the consequence.

The magic use had opened the floodgates.

The throbbing in his crotch, which had been a dull ache, suddenly spiked into a raging, white-hot demand. The "Universal Gate" he had cracked open to heat the water hadn't closed properly. The ambient energy of the forest was pouring into him, seeking the path of least resistance. And in Nelson Beri's body, the path of least resistance was straight down.

"Oh god... oh god, it hurts..." he moaned, rolling onto his side.

His erection was straining against the waistband of his shorts so hard he thought the fabric would tear. It was a monolith of blood and pressure. He could feel his pulse thumping in the head of his cock, a distinct thud-thud-thud against his stomach.

And the wetness. It was everywhere. His boxers were ruined. The clear, sticky fluid was leaking out of him in a steady, humiliating stream, soaking his inner thighs. It felt hot and slimy against his skin.

"Why am I like this?" he whimpered, curling into a fetal position. "I just want to go home. I want... I want..."

His mind betrayed him. The fear receded, replaced by a desperate, pathetic horniness. He didn't want to go home. He wanted relief. He wanted something heavy on top of him. He imagined a pair of thick, soft thighs wrapping around his head, squeezing until the world went black. He imagined a warm, milky breast pressed against his face, suffocating him, telling him he was a good boy while he leaked his soul out into her.

His hand drifted down, trembling. He couldn't help it. He needed to check. He needed to make sure he hadn't exploded.

His fingers brushed the bulge.

"Nnnngh!"

A strangled cry ripped from his throat. It was too sensitive. Way, way too sensitive. Even through the fabric, the touch sent a shockwave of pleasure-pain that made his hips buck involuntarily against the dirt. It felt like his nerves were on the outside of his skin.

He yanked his hand away, panting, tears streaming down his face. He couldn't jerk off. If he touched it now, with this much energy running through him, he felt like he would pass out. Or die. It was too much.

"I need... I need meat," he whispered, his thoughts fragmenting. "I need fat. I'm empty. I'm gonna burn out."

He looked around the darkening forest. The silence was back, heavy and watchful. He was a skinny, rock-hard mess in the middle of nowhere. And he was starving.

The hunger wasn't a rumble anymore. It was a claw inside his stomach, scraping against his spine. The glucose crash from the spell was hitting him like a physical blow. His vision swam with black spots, and his hands, already burned and trembling, felt numb, like they didn't belong to him.

"Fat. I need fat. Or protein. Anything," he mumbled, his voice thick with saliva. "Those videos always said... eat your eggs. Need cholesterol. Brain food."

He dragged himself upright, using a tree root as a crutch. The movement caused his soaked, slime-filled boxer briefs to cling to his thighs. The friction against his glans was excruciating. It felt like sandpaper rubbing against a raw nerve. He whimpered, biting his lip until he tasted iron. His erection hadn't subsided; if anything, the adrenaline of survival was pumping it harder, making it jut out against the fabric of his shorts like a tent pole.

He scanned the twilight undergrowth. His senses were screaming. The forest was too loud. Too many signals. But one signal cut through the noise.

Heartbeat. Small. Fast. Near the water.

He looked down at the stream bank. A creature, something like a massive, armored toad the size of a cat, was sluggishly crawling over a rock. It had three eyes and skin that looked like wet stone.

Nelson didn't think. The Civilized Bo" from Prince George's County vanished. The Carnivore within him took over.

He lunged.

It was clumsy. He tripped over his own feet, his heavy backpack throwing his center of gravity off. He slammed into the mud, his knees hitting rock, but his hand closed around a fist-sized stone. He swung it down with a desperate, pathetic shriek.

CRUNCH.

The sound was wet and sickening. Viscous, blue-ish blood splattered onto his glasses and cheek. The toad thing twitched once and went still.

Nelson sat back on his heels, panting, staring at the corpse. He should have been disgusted. He should have been vomiting again.

Instead, his mouth watered.

"Oh god... I'm a monster," he whispered, wiping the blue slime from his cheek and licking it. It was salty. Metallic. "I'm disgusting. But... I need it."

He didn't have a knife. He grabbed a sharp shard of slate rock from the riverbed. His hands were shaking so bad he almost sliced his own thumb, but he managed to saw through the creature's belly.

No fire. He couldn't risk the cost of another heat spell. Not yet.

He saw the liver. Dark, purple, glistening.

"Vitamin C," he muttered, his voice trembling. "Iron. Electrolytes. Just... just fucking do it, Nelson. At least you won't be dead... yet."

He grabbed the organ, warm and slippery, and shoved it into his mouth.

He gagged. The texture was physically revolting, slime and gristle. But as soon as his teeth broke the membrane, the flavor hit him. It wasn't like Earth meat. It was... electric. Rich. Dense. It tasted like copper, sugar and pure, concentrated energy.

He swallowed it whole. Then he tore into the muscle of the legs. He ate like a starving dog, ignoring the blood dripping onto his red sweater, ignoring the mess.

With every bite, he felt his energy refill. The dizziness faded. His vision sharpened. The heat returned to his fingertips.

But the energy didn't stop at his stomach.

The pressure in his balls went critical.

"Nnnngh... ah!"

He dropped the half-eaten carcass, clutching his stomach. The recharge was too fast. His uninsulated nerves couldn't handle the influx of nutrients from the beast. His groin felt like it was being inflated with hot mercury. The throbbing was a visible, rhythmic jump in his shorts.

"It hurts... fuck, it hurts so bad," he cried out, curling forward until his forehead touched the moss. "I'm gonna explode. I'm literally gonna explode."

He couldn't help it. The need for Grounding overrode his shame. His hand fumbled with the waistband of his shorts, pushing them down.

His cock sprang free, hitting his belly with a wet slap. It was terrifyingly hard, the veins standing out like cords, the head swollen and purple-red. Pre-cum was leaking from the slit in a steady, uncontrollable dribble, mixing with the blue monster blood on his hands.

"I have to... I have to get it out," he sobbed, his breath hitching. "Just... just fix it. Make it stop hurting."

He wrapped his sticky, blood-stained hand around the shaft.

The sensation was blinding.

"AH!"

He arched his back, a scream tearing from his throat that echoed through the silent trees. It wasn't just pleasure. It was like gripping a live power line. The friction of his hand against the super-charged skin sent white sparks dancing behind his eyelids. His legs kicked out involuntarily, digging heels into the mud.

He pumped once. Twice.

It felt... heavy. Dragging. Like he was pulling thick syrup through a tube. The pressure inside him was resisting.

"Mommy... please..." he whimpered, reverting to the only comfort phrase his broken brain could access. He squeezed his eyes shut, trying to conjure an image to focus on. A blonde woman. Heavy. Soft. Smothering him. Taking this pain away. "Just hold me... please... I'm so scared..."

He stroked faster, desperate, messy, his other hand clawing into the dirt to ground himself. He was crying freely now, tears mixing with the sweat and grime on his face. He felt pathetic. A dirty, bloody, skinny boy jerking off next to a dead toad in a nightmare forest.

But the release was coming. It was building like a tidal wave, a terrifying pressure at the base of his spine.

"Oh god, oh god, oh fuck—"

His hips bucked wildy off the ground.

With a strangled, guttural cry, he erupted.

It wasn't a normal ejaculation. It was a purge. Thick, pearlescent ropes of fluid shot out with violent force, coating his chest, his sweater, his glasses. It didn't stop. One pulse. Two. Five. Ten. He kept cumming, his body convulsing, his toes curling so hard they cramped. It felt like he was emptying his entire soul onto the forest floor.

He lay there for a long time, twitching, his breath rattling in his chest. The silence of the forest returned, heavy and judging.

He was covered in monster blood, sweat, and his own seed. He felt hollowed out. Empty. But the pain... the buzzing, screaming pressure in his head... was gone.

"I hate this," he whispered to the canopy, his voice a broken rasp. "I hate this place."

He pulled his knees to his chest, shivering in the cooling air, and waited for the shame to kill him. It didn't. He just felt... hungry again.

The cold was the first thing to cut through the haze. As the endorphins from the violent orgasm faded, the temperature of the forest floor seemed to drop twenty degrees. The fluids coating his chest and stomach—the thick, white ropes of semen and the drying blue monster blood—began to tack up.

It was a sensory nightmare.

Nelson twitched, his skin crawling. To an autistic mind that craved specific textures, this was torture. His sweater felt like a wet scab clinging to his ribs. His pubic hair was matted and sticky. The smell—a pungent cocktail of bleach, musk, copper, and wet dog—filled his nose, making him gag.

"Ugh... nnggh... get it off," he whined, his hands hovering over his own body, terrified to touch the mess he'd made. "It's so sticky. It's everywhere. Why is there so much? I'm like a... I'm like a busted hydrant."

He tried to sit up, but his core muscles were jelly. He looked down at his crotch. His penis, finally softening, was red and raw-looking, retreating into the messy nest of hair like a frightened animal. The head was still hypersensitive. When he shifted his leg, his thigh brushed against the glans, and a sharp jolt of "too-much-sensation" zapped up his spine.

"Ah! Stop..." He hissed, tears leaking from his eyes again. "Everything hurts. My dick hurts. My hands hurt. I just wanna be clean. I want a shower..."

He couldn't stay like this. The smell would attract predators. Real ones. Not slow toads.

He dragged himself back to the stream, moving on his hands and knees like a crippled crab. His pants were still down around his ankles, tripping him up, soaked in the pre-cum he'd leaked earlier.

He reached the water and hesitated. It was freezing. But he had no choice.

He stripped. Getting the sodden sweater off was a battle, the wool clinging to his skin. He kicked off his shoes and shorts. He stood there, shivering violently in the twilight, a skinny boy standing naked in an alien river, covered in filth.

The water hit him like a physical slap. It wasn't just cold; it was aggressive. It felt heavy, denser than Earth water, biting into his skin with a freezing, hydrostatic pressure that made his lungs seize.

"H-h-holy f-fuck!" his teeth chattered instantly, the sound echoing in his skull. "It's I-like... s-swimming in I-liquid nitrogen!"

He scrabbled for footing on the slick river stones, the water swirling around his thighs. His scrotum, previously heavy and swollen, retracted tight against his body in self-defense, the skin wrinkling and hardening. His penis shriveled, retreating into a small, pale hood of skin, terrified of the temperature.

"Good," he muttered, splashing water onto his chest with shaking hands. "Stay small. Just... stay small and don't hurt me."

He started to scrub. It was humiliating work. The "Mana-Semen" wasn't water-soluble like normal fluid. It was thick, almost resinous, clinging to his stomach hair and pubic thatch like tree sap. He had to dig his fingernails in, scraping the dried, pearlescent flakes off his skin.

"Why is it so... sticky?" He gagged, watching white globs float away in the crystal-clear current. "It's like... glue. Is that... is that because of the magic? Did I just... 3D print fucking glue out of my dick?"

He reached down to clean the head of his cock. He flinched before he even touched it. The glans was red, angry, and raw from the dry, desperate friction of his earlier panic-masturbation.

"Okay... gentle. Just... gentle," he whispered to himself, like he was soothing a frightened animal.

He brushed his thumb over the slit to clear away the last of the leakage.

"Sssshhh-fuck!"

He hissed through his teeth, arching his back. Even shriveled and freezing, the nerve endings were live wires. The touch sent a jolt of sharp, stinging sensation straight to his prostate. It wasn't a pleasure. It was just input. Too much input.

"I hate this body," he sobbed quietly, washing the blue monster blood off his face. "I hate having nerves. I wish I was a robot. Robots don't have to wash cum off their belly buttons in a freezing river."

He was shivering violently now, his skinny frame vibrating. Hypothermia was a real threat. His "Carnivore" metabolism was running hot to keep him alive, burning through the monster liver he'd just eaten, but the water was stealing heat faster than he could generate it.

Thermodynamics. Heat transfer. Convection.

He stared at the water around his waist. He couldn't boil it again; his hands were still tender from the first burn.

Impedance. Resistance creates heat. My body... my body is the resistor.

He closed his eyes. He didn't try to cast a spell. He just tried to leak. He didn't exactly know what he did or if it would work, but he tried to think about his internal body heat slowly pushing out and radiating through his pores.

A low hum started in the water.

Bubbles formed on his skin. Not boiling bubbles, but electrolysis bubbles. Tiny pockets of hydrogen and oxygen separating.

A layer of warmth bloomed around his skin. It wasn't a fire; it was a localized thermal envelope. The water touching him warmed up to a comfortable bath temperature, acting as an insulating wetsuit against the river's current.

"Oh... oh god, that's better," he moaned, sinking lower until the water reached his neck. The heat seeped into his bones, soothing the ache in his balls and the cramps in his legs.

He floated there for a moment, just breathing, letting the warmth hold him. For a second, he felt safe. The silence wasn't scary anymore; it was just... heavy.

Then he looked at the bank. His clothes.

His red sweater was a sodden, blood-stained, semen-crusting ball of wool. His boxers were now a biohazard. His sneakers were mud-caked.

"Oh... I can't put those back on," he realized, his heart solemnly sinking from disappointment. "Wet fabric... chafing... bacteria. I'll get an infection if I wear those. I'll get a rash on my fucking dick... or worse."

He immediately winced at his own statement before getting out of the water, the warm bubble collapsing as soon as he broke contact with the river. The air hit his wet skin, and he shivered again.

He walked over to his backpack, which was water-resistant (thank you, L.L. Bean), and unzipped it with his numb fingers.

Nelson almost sobbed from relief as his MacBook, solar charger, and his Beats Flex earbuds still looked intact and dry, along with a bag of beef jerky he bought as an emergency study ration and a pair of extra socks. And... his spare gray hoodie.

"Thank god. Thank god for being too prepared," he gratefully whispered, clutching the dry hoodie like a holy relic.

He dried himself off as best he could with the ruined sweater, wincing as the rough wool scraped his sensitive nipples and his raw crotch. Then he pulled on the dry hoodie. It was oversized, hanging down to his mid-thighs.

He turned to look at his wet pants. He didn't put those on. He couldn't. The idea of fabric touching his hypersensitive penis right now was impossible.

So he stood there in the alien forest, wearing nothing but a gray hoodie and ankle socks, his dark legs bare and skinny, his penis dangling vulnerably in the air.

He picked up the beef jerky. He desperately tore into the package with his teeth and shoved three pieces into his mouth, enjoying the extra protein. But as Nelson enjoyed the momentary pleasure of chewing real food, knowing that his belongings were safe in his bag, it quickly felt hollow upon the realization that he was stuck in the middle of who-the-fuck-knows where.

The silence of the woods felt heavier now, pressing against his eardrums like water at the bottom of a deep pool. Nelson chewed the beef jerky slowly, the salty, smoky flavor exploding on his tongue. It was the only familiar thing in this entire nightmare. It tasted like Maryland. It tasted like sitting in his basement late at night.

He swallowed, feeling the bolus of meat slide down his throat, settling into his empty, cramping stomach.

"Okay. Okay," he whispered, wiping grease onto his bare thigh. "I have food. I have... a hoodie. I'm not dead."

He looked down. The sight was pathetic and absurd. His gray hoodie hung low, just barely brushing the tops of his thighs. Below that, nothing but skinny, dark legs covered in goosebumps and muddy ankle socks.

Every time he shifted his weight, he felt the air waft up under the hem, caressing his genitals. It was a bizarre, exposed sensation. His penis, currently soft and retreated into its hood, swung slightly with his movements, occasionally brushing against the rough inner fleece of the sweatshirt.

"I feel like... I feel like a fucking flasher," he muttered, pulling the hoodie down frantically to cover himself. "Just walking around with my junk out. If anyone sees me... oh god, if a *girl* sees me..."

The thought was intrusive. His brain, broken by the stress and the weird atmospheric pressure of this place, latched onto the word *girl*.

Immediately, a warm, heavy pulse throbbed in his groin.

"No. No, no, no. Stop it," he hissed, squeezing his eyes shut. "Don't think about girls. Think about... think about rocks. Think about not dying."

But the forest wouldn't let him. The air here wasn't just oxygen; it felt *thick*. Viscous. It clung to his skin like a fine mist of oil. Every time he inhaled, he felt a strange, effervescent bubbling in his chest, a sensation that trickled down his spine and pooled in his pelvis.

It wasn't like electricity anymore. It felt like... pressure. Like his body was a balloon being slowly over-inflated with warm water.

He started walking, picking his way carefully through the massive roots, terrified of stepping on something sharp with his sock-clad feet. His backpack thumped rhythmically against his spine.

Rub. Swish. Rub.

The friction of the hoodie against the head of his penis was becoming a problem. As the fabric moved, the soft fleece dragged over the sensitive, raw slit. It wasn't painful, exactly. It was maddeningly ticklish. A low-grade, constant stimulation that sent little sparks of heat straight to his prostate.

He grit his teeth. He could feel the blood starting to pool again. His cock was getting heavier, lengthening, pushing down against the fabric instead of shrinking away from it. The "semi" stage. The worst stage. Thick, gummy, and congested.

"Why is it doing this?" he whined, stopping to lean against a tree. He pressed his forehead against the cool bark. "I just came. I shouldn't be... I shouldn't want it again. It's physically impossible."

But his balls felt full. Not just full of fluid—he knew he was empty—but full of *weight*. A dragging, aching heaviness that made him want to cup them just to support the load. It felt like they were churning, actively synthesizing something out of the thick air he was breathing.

He groaned, pressing his hips against the tree trunk. The rough bark bit into the fabric of his hoodie, pressing the cloth against his semi-erect shaft.

"Nnnh..."

His knees knocked together. The pressure felt good. Too good. It relieved the ache in his balls for a second, a counter-pressure that made his eyes roll back. He ground his hips forward, just once, a pathetic, needy dry-hump against the tree.

A smear of clear, sticky fluid leaked from him, soaking instantly into the gray cotton of the hoodie.

"I'm leaking again," he whispered, horrified. "I'm just... dripping. I'm a mess. I'm a fucking disgusting, leaky mess."

He pushed himself off the tree, stumbling away. He couldn't stay here. He needed a hole. A cave. Somewhere dark where he could curl up and hide his shame.

Nelson limped forward, every step a negotiation with the forest floor. His socks were already soaked through with mud, offering zero protection against the twigs and stones hidden in the moss.

"Ow. Shit. Ow."

He hissed through his teeth as a pinecone dug into his arch. But the pain in his foot was distant, barely registering compared to the chaos happening between his legs.

The friction was becoming unbearable. The hoodie was soft cotton, but against the raw, hypersensitive head of his semi-erect penis, it felt like canvas. Every time his left leg swung forward, the fabric dragged across the slit.

Schlick. Rub. Schlick.

The sound was wet. Humiliatingly wet.

"Stop leaking," he begged, grabbing the front of the hoodie and pulling it away from his body like a tent. "Just... fucking stop. I'm empty. I emptied the tank. There shouldn't be anything left."

But there was. He could feel it bubbling up from deep inside, a clear, viscous slime that coated his urethra. It wasn't just arousal fluid. It felt... heavy. Like mercury. It slid out of him with a slow, agonizing throb, cooling instantly as it hit the night air and soaked into the gray fabric.

He spotted a massive, gnarled root system rising out of the earth like a frozen wave of wood. Beneath the tangle was a dark, triangular opening. A burrow. A hole.

"Please be empty. Please don't have a bear in it," he whimpered.

He dropped to his hands and knees, ignoring the mud squelching between his fingers. He crawled into the opening. It was tight, smelling of damp earth, decaying leaves, and something spicy, like cinnamon. The space was small, barely big enough for him to curl up, but the roof was solid wood. It felt safe. It felt like a womb.

He scrambled to the back of the hollow and collapsed, pulling his knees to his chest. The darkness was absolute here, save for the faint, bioluminescent pulse of the moss outside.

He let out a long, shuddering breath. "Okay. Safe. I'm safe. Just... breathe."

He tried to relax, but his body wouldn't let him. The pressure in his scrotum was terrifying. It wasn't an ache anymore; it was a churning, physical demand. It felt like his testicles were growing, filling up with hot lead. They felt heavy enough to drag on the ground.

"Why does it hurt so much?" he whispered, tears springing to his eyes.

He couldn't stand the mystery. He had to look. He dragged the hem of the hoodie up to his waist, bunching the fabric in his hands.

Even in the dim light, he could see the problem.

His balls were tight. Impossibly tight. The skin was stretched smooth, shiny and red, pulling hard against his body. They looked angry. They looked like they were bruised. And his cock...

It wasn't fully hard, but it wasn't soft either. It was in a state of swollen, engorged semi-tumescence. It looked thick. Thicker than normal. The veins wrapping around the shaft were bulging, dark purple cords pulsing with a visible, erratic rhythm.

Thump. Thump-thump. Thump.

"Jesus Christ," he choked out. "It looks... infected. It looks like it's gonna pop."

A drop of clear fluid gathered at the tip, hanging there for a second before stretching into a long, sticky string that dripped onto his bare shin.

He reached down, his hand trembling. He cupped his scrotum, trying to support the weight, hoping to relieve the dragging sensation.

"Nnngh—fuck!"

The contact was overwhelming. His palms, still buzzing with the residue of the heating magic, interacted with the concentrated energy stored in his testicles.

It wasn't a spark this time. It was a resonance. A deep, vibrating heat traveled from his hand straight into his core. His hips bucked involuntarily, slamming his back against the dirt wall of the burrow.

"Ah... ah... oh god..."

His eyes rolled back. The sensation was sickeningly good. It was the feeling of a full bladder being released, but magnified by a thousand. The heat coiled in his gut, twisting, demanding.

He squeezed gently.

His penis jumped. It surged upward, hardening instantly into a rock-solid curve that slapped against his stomach.

"No, no, don't get hard again, please," he sobbed, but his hand was already moving. He couldn't stop it. His brain was offline. The only thing that mattered was the pressure.

He wrapped his fingers around the base, squeezing the root.

"It feels... so full," he whispered, his voice thick and breathy. "It feels like... like there's too much inside."

He stroked upward, just once, over the swollen veins. The friction was slick with the leaking fluid.

His body seized. A wave of pure, white-hot pleasure crashed over him, so intense his vision went white. He gasped, arching his spine, his mouth opening in a silent scream.

He didn't even ejaculate. He just... vibrated. He hovered on the edge of an orgasm that was too big for his body to process. He was stuck there, trembling, drooling, his hand locked around his throbbing cock, trapped in a loop of sensory overload.

Nelson let go of his erection as if it burned him, his hand snapping back to his chest. He gasped, his entire body seizing in a rigid, trembling arc before collapsing back into the dirt.

"Hah... hah... hah..."

He stared up at the dark, root-tangled ceiling of the burrow, his chest heaving. He hadn't finished. Not really. He hadn't reached that explosive, blinding peak he was used to. Instead, the sensation had just... plateaued. It was a buzzing, static numbness that left his groin feeling heavy and over-pressurized.

He looked down.

"Oh my god," he whispered, his voice trembling with genuine horror.

His penis wasn't softening. It remained furiously hard, standing straight up against his stomach, throbbing with a slow, mechanical rhythm. But the head... the head was weeping.

It wasn't just a drop or two. A thick, continuous bead of pearlescent fluid was welling up from the slit, spilling over the purple rim of the glans, and trailing down the shaft. It pooled in his navel, warm and sticky.

And it was glowing.

Faintly. Barely visible. But in the pitch black of the burrow, there was no mistaking it. The fluid wasn't just reflecting the moonlight; it had its own internal luminescence. A soft, sickly blue-white light, like the bioluminescence of the forest floor, but milky and opaque.

"I'm radioactive," he croaked, wiping a smudge of the glowing slime off his stomach with a shaking finger. He held it up to his face. It was thick, stringy, clinging to his skin like heated mozzarella. "I'm cumming... glowstick fluid. I'm actually a mutant."

He sniffed it. It didn't smell like bleach anymore. It smelled... sweet. Sickly sweet. Like ozone and vanilla and burnt copper.

The pressure in his balls hadn't gone down. If anything, it was worse. The "leak" wasn't emptying the tank; it was just the overflow valve failing. He could feel the new production happening in real-time, a churning, bubbling sensation in his scrotum that felt like carbonated water moving through his tubes.

"It's not stopping," he whimpered, panic rising in his chest again. "It's just making more. I'm gonna drown in it. I'm gonna fill this whole hole with magic cum and drown."

He squeezed his eyes shut, trying to force his body to calm down. *Think. Engineering. Flow rate. Pressure differential.*

But his brain wasn't working. The saturation was hitting his cognitive functions. He felt foggy. Horny. Stupid.

Fuck. I need to fucking cum right now.

His hand drifted back down. He couldn't help it. The logic was gone. There was only the biological imperative.

He grabbed himself again. This time, he didn't stroke. He squeezed. He compressed the base, trying to manually force the fluid out, like squeezing the last bit of toothpaste from a tube.

"Nnnngh!"

A thick rope of the glowing fluid shot out, hitting his chin.

"Oh fuck!"

He gagged, wiping it away, but the stimulation of the squeeze sent another jolt through him. His hips bucked. Another rope. This one landed on his glasses.

"Stop! Stop it! It's too much!" he cried, but his hand kept squeezing. It was a rhythm now. *Squeeze. Pulse. Squirt. Squeeze. Pulse. Squirt.*

He wasn't even touching the head. He was just milking the shaft, and his body was responding with a terrifying, limitless supply. He was coating himself. His chest, his neck, his face. The burrow smelled intense—heavy with pheromones and magic.

"It feels... too good," he moaned, his head thrashing against the dirt. "It's too much. God, I'm so fucking horny. Mommy... someone... make it stop..."

He felt a sudden, sharp cramp in his lower abdomen. Not pain. Something else. A deep, muscular contraction.

His prostate.

It clenched. Hard.

"FUUUCK!"

His entire body went rigid. His heels dug trenches in the dirt.

The "Pump" activated.

It wasn't a manual squeeze anymore. His internal muscles took over. A massive, high-pressure jet of fluid erupted from him, hitting the ceiling of the burrow with an audible *splat*.

Then another. And another.

He was a fountain. He lay there, paralyzed by pleasure, watching in horror and ecstasy as he painted the inside of his hiding hole with his own glowing essence. He couldn't close his legs. He couldn't move his hands. He could only endure the drainage.

It lasted for what felt like minutes. Wave after wave of white-hot release, draining the mana from his blood, leaving him lightheaded and buzzing.

Finally, the stream sputtered. It turned into a dribble. Then a leak.

Nelson collapsed, his arms falling to his sides. He was panting so hard he thought his ribs would crack. He was covered. Absolutely coated. He looked like he'd been dipped in glaze.

"I... I think I died," he whispered, staring blankly at the glowing drips falling from the root above his head. "I think I just died and this is hell. The Cum Hell."

He closed his eyes, not even bothering to laugh at his morbid joke. The exhaustion from the orgasmic afterglow hit him like a physical punch to the gut(or head), but he didn't care about the mess anymore or that it was cold. He just needed to sleep.

As he drifted off, enveloped in the heavy, sweet scent of his own musky semen, he had one last thought.

I wonder if I died before that portal opened from masturbating so much, and this must be the afterlife... Man, it must be a fucking shitty place, then.

Sleep came easily to Nelson as he simply dreamt of nothing but a black void. The jarring events of the day had kept his brain with the ability to only generate such a response during his first slumber in this new world.

The first thing Nelson registered was the smell.

It was thick, cloying, and sweet. It smelled like a bakery that had exploded inside a locker room. Yeast, sugar, bleach, and heavy, heavy musk. It clogged his nose, thick enough to taste on the back of his tongue.

He groaned, trying to roll over, but his skin refused to cooperate.

"Ow... fuck..."

His stomach felt tight. Not muscular tight, but *constricted*. He peeled his left arm away from his chest, and the sound was like tearing duct tape. *Rrrriipp*.

"Oh my god."

His eyes snapped open. The darkness of the burrow had softened into a gray, morning twilight filtering through the roots.

He looked down at himself.

The mess from last night had dried. But it hadn't dried into flaky dust like normal. It had dried into a flexible, semi-translucent shell. His entire torso, from his collarbone to his pubic hair, was coated in a layer of what looked like hardened candle wax or dried superglue. It trapped his chest hair. It glued the hem of his hoodie to his belly.

"I'm... I'm glazed," he whispered, his voice cracking with sleep and horror. "I literally glazed myself like a fucking donut."

He tried to sit up, wincing as the dried "Mana-Semen" pulled painfully at his skin. He looked at his crotch. The hoodie was tented up, rigid and unmoving.

"Please tell me you're soft," he begged his own body. "Just... please be soft for five minutes."

He peeled the fabric of the hoodie away from his thighs. It was stuck there, too. With a grimace, he yanked it up.

He wasn't soft.

His penis was a rock-hard, purple-headed battering ram pressed against his navel. It was throbbing with a slow, powerful cadence that shook his entire hips. But the worst part was the balls.

They were *massive*.

They looked swollen, heavy, and tight, hanging low between his thighs like two polished stones. And they were glowing. Even in the morning light, he could see a faint, pulsating blue vein

mapping running under the scrotal skin, churning with the ambient magic he'd absorbed while sleeping.

"They're... they're glowing," he whimpered, poking one testicle with a hesitant finger. It felt dense. Solid. Like it was filled with pressurized gel instead of biology. "My balls are literally radioactive. I'm going to get cancer. I'm going to get testicular cancer and die in a hole."

The pressure was back. Not the desperate, explosive need of last night, but a dull, heavy ache of "Full Capacity." It felt like carrying a bowling ball in his pelvis.

"I can't... I can't do it again," he moaned, letting his head thunk back against the dirt wall. "If I jerk off again, I'm gonna chafe the skin off. It's raw. It's so raw."

He shifted his legs, and the dried crust on his inner thighs cracked, pinching the skin.

"Okay. Hygiene. Hygiene first. Or I get gangrene."

He grabbed his backpack, his movements stiff and awkward. He fished out the bag of beef jerky. He had to eat. His hands were trembling again. His testicles were burning calories just to maintain the pressure alone.

He tore into the dried meat, chewing aggressively. He swallowed huge chunks, barely chewing, desperate for the salt.

"Protein. Fat. Salt. Build the insulation," he mumbled between bites. "Gotta keep my energy up."

After finishing the bag, he felt a little steadier. The hum in his ears dialed down from a scream to a buzz.

He crawled out of the burrow. The morning air was crisp and wet. The forest was waking up—alien birds calling, the rustle of wind in the colossal leaves. It was so beautiful, but Nelson felt too disgusted at himself to appreciate it.

He walked to the river. He stared at the water and grimaced.

"I hate being wet," he grumbled. Wet clothes combined with cold skin were a special type of sensory match made in hell.

He stripped off the hoodie, peeling it off his glued stomach as carefully as he could, and the socks. He stood naked on the bank again. In the light of day, he looked even more ridiculous. Skinny, shivering, covered in dried white flakes, with a raging, disproportionate erection leading the way.

He waded in.

"F-f-fuck, it's c-cold!"

He didn't have the focus or energy to cast another heating spell yet, so he just had to scrub the cum off. He dropped to his knees in the shallows, the water rushing around his waist.

He started picking at the dried residue on his stomach. It came off in rubbery strips.

"It's like latex," he noted, his analytical brain momentarily overriding the shame. "High tensile strength. Viscous. Highly conductive residue. If I... if I gathered this... I could probably use it as adhesive-"

He paused, holding a strip of dried semen that was glowing faintly blue.

"Oh no, I am **not** going there," he said firmly to both himself and the river.

He threw the flake into the current. It sizzled slightly as it hit the water, dissolving into a puff of white steam.

"Holy shit. It's like dipping sodium in water."

"So, it's...reactive?" Nelson blinked, his glasses fogging up from the steam rising off the water. "My cum is exothermic. That is... this has to be the most fucked up superpower in existence."

He stared at the spot where the dried flake had dissolved. The water there was bubbling gently, like a pot just starting to simmer.

He looked down at his crotch. His penis was bobbing in the current, looking angry and swollen. The head was weeping that same glowing, pearlescent slime again. A thick glob of it hung from the slit, trailing into the river.

Hiss.

As the fresh fluid hit the freezing water, it reacted instantly. A plume of white steam curled up between his legs, warming his inner thighs.

"What the-"

He waded deeper, squatting until the water came up to his chest. The reaction intensified. The constant leakage from his over-pressurized balls was acting like a heating element. The freezing bite of the river faded, replaced by a soothing, swirling warmth centered right around his junk. The warmth instantly brought much-needed relief to Nelson's cold skin, to which he moaned in satisfaction.

"Mmmmh... oh god, that's... that's the stuff," Nelson moaned, his head falling back against the surface of the water.

He spread his legs wider, allowing the river current to wash over his groin. The continuous, sizzling reaction of his leaking fluids against the water created a localized thermal pocket slightly above his body temperature right between his thighs. It was like sitting in a custom-built jacuzzi

jet. The heat penetrated deep into his pelvic floor, relaxing muscles that had been clenched tight with stress and cold since he arrived.

"Man, this feels great," he mumbled, his eyes half-closed behind his fogged-up glasses. "I'm a literal biological water heater. If I... if I peed right now, I bet I could sterilize the water. Ammonia plus magic... exothermic reaction..."

He drifted for a moment, the sensory bliss almost enough to make him forget where he was. The weight in his balls—that heavy, dragging fullness—didn't go away, but the heat made it bearable. It felt less like a cramp and more like a... *charge*. Like a phone battery sitting at 100%, humming against the charger.

He looked down through the clear, steaming water. His penis was floating there, bobbing gently. It looked absolutely ridiculous. Thick, purple-red, and furiously engorged, surrounded by a halo of fizzing white bubbles every time a drop of "coolant" leaked from the tip.

"You're a problem," he whispered to his own junk. "You're a serious, logistical problem."

He forced himself to finish scrubbing. He peeled the last of the dried, rubbery semen off his pubic hair, wincing as it pulled at the roots. He washed his armpits, his face, his ass. He wanted to be clean. He wanted to reset his skin sensation to "Neutral."

Finally, the cold of the river pressing against his back (outside the heat bubble) became too much. He had to get out before he cramped up.

He stood, breaking the surface tension. The warm bubble collapsed instantly.

"Fuck-fuck-fuck cold!"

He scrambled up the muddy bank, water streaming off his shivering, skinny frame. The air hit his wet skin like needles. He grabbed his ruined, wet sweater and used it to vigorously rub down his arms and legs, trying to generate friction heat.

He hesitated when he got to his groin. He couldn't rub there. It was too raw.

He just dabbed gently, his breath hitching as the wet wool touched the swollen head. Even that light touch sent a jolt of arousal straight to his brain. His hips twitched forward involuntarily. "Stop it. Just... stop it for five fucking minutes," he growled through chattering teeth.

He threw the wet sweater onto a bush. It was trash now. He picked up his hoodie again. It was damp from the morning mist, but mostly dry. He pulled it on, relishing the soft fleece against his skin. He skipped the socks this time; they were just sponges for mud. He shoved his bare feet into his sneakers, tying the laces tight.

"Okay. Inventory check," he muttered, trying to access his gamer brain to override the shivering.

He opened his backpack, and even though he wasn't religious, he thanked whatever was out there that his things were still intact, his **MacBook Air M2, solar charger, empty bag of jerky, empty water bottle(it was full before, but must've emptied during the portal's transition)**, a few school pens, and most importantly... his **beats flex wireless earbuds**.

Nelson put the earbuds around his neck, the magnetic clasp clicking together with a satisfying snap. He didn't put them in yet; he needed his ears to hear the forest. But just having them there felt like armor. A piece of Earth. A piece of *civilization*.

He zipped the bag shut and slung it over his shoulder. The weight was comforting.

"Water bottle is empty," he noted, picking up the plastic bottle. "Need to refill. Need to... reactivate the heater."

He walked back to the river's edge. He uncapped the bottle and submerged it, watching the bubbles rise.

I can't boil it with my hands again. Too much... side effect.

He looked down at his crotch. The hoodie was already tented out again, a damp spot forming right at the tip where he was leaking.

"Improvise. Adapt. Overcome," he whispered, quoting a meme he'd seen once.

He held the full water bottle between his thighs, right against his perineum. The heat radiating from his overcharged balls was intense. He could feel it through the plastic.

"Thermal heat transfer." He muttered, "If my balls are running at... I don't know, 110 degrees? And the fluid is reactive..."

He squeezed his thighs together, trapping the bottle against his scrotum. It was awkward. It looked like he was trying to hump the water bottle. But almost instantly, he saw condensation forming on the *inside* of the plastic. The water began to warm up.

"It works," he laughed, a giddy, hysterical sound. "I'm a human microwave. I'm literally purifying water with my balls."

He held it there for a minute, feeling the warmth spread. It wasn't boiling, but maybe the ambient mana coming off him was enough to kill the bacteria? Or maybe the bacteria here fed on magic and this was just making them stronger?

"Fuck it. I'm thirsty."

He drank half the bottle in one go. It was lukewarm and tasted slightly metallic, but it was wet.

"Ahh... Now... where the fuck am I?"

He turned away from the river and faced the dense wall of the forest. The trees were *massive*, their bark looking like scaled armor. The light filtering down was green and heavy. Now that he actually stopped to look at his surroundings, it really did look beautiful... pristine, untapped nature.

Woah. It really looks so... beautiful... and scary.

He shook his head. "Alright, Nelson, let's stop glazing for a minute and focus on our priorities."

He pulled the earbuds out, the magnetic clink of the buds separating sounding incredibly loud in the quiet forest. He draped them around his neck. He didn't put them in yet—he needed to hear if something was coming to eat him—but just having them there felt like armor.

He closed the bag. His stomach gave a hollow, painful cramp. The beef jerky was gone. The monster liver was gone. He was running on fumes again.

"Food. I need actual food. Not just snacks," he said, his voice sounding small. "I need... a pig. Or a deer. Something with fat."

He scanned the forest. It was brighter now, shafts of green-tinted sunlight piercing the canopy. The silence was broken by the distant call of something large and resonant—a sound like a whale song, but echoing through the air.

He started walking, keeping the river on his left. Rivers led to the ocean, or to civilization. Or at least to more water.

As he walked, the friction returned. The hem of the hoodie swung against his thighs, brushing the tip of his penis with every step.

Swish. Tap. Swish. Tap.

It was a pendulum of torture. His erection was so hard it bounced with his gait, slapping against his stomach one second, dragging against the fleece the next.

"Goddammit," he hissed, grabbing the front of the hoodie and holding it out like a tent again. "I have to walk like an idiot. I'm literally walking like a pregnant penguin."

He waddled forward, holding his hoodie out with one hand, his backpack thumping against his spine. Every hundred yards or so, he had to stop because the weight in his balls became a genuine ache, a dragging sensation like gravity had doubled just for his crotch.

"This is un-sustainable," he panted, leaning against a mossy rock. "I can't... I can't hunt like this. I can't run. If a wolf comes, I'm just gonna stand here holding my dick and die."

He needed support. He needed underwear. But his boxers were a biohazard zone back at the burrow.

He looked at the vines hanging from the trees. Thick, fibrous, green.

"Okay. Primitive tech. Loincloth. Or... a sling."

He pulled a length of vine down. It was tough, flexible. He stripped the leaves off.

"This is gonna chafe like a bitch," he muttered, "but it's better than... swinging freely."

He tied the vine around his waist like a belt. Then he took a second, shorter piece. He looped it under his scrotum, lifting the heavy, glowing mass of his testicles up and tight against his perineum. He tied the ends to the waist belt.

"Ah..."

The relief was instant. The weight was supported. His balls were no longer dragging. They were hoisted high and tight. It looked ridiculous—a makeshift, organic jockstrap made of plants—but it worked.

Then he dealt with the penis. He took a broad, soft leaf—something that looked like a giant hosta—and wrapped it around the shaft, tying it gently with a thin tendril of vine. It acted as a sheath, protecting the raw head from the friction of the hoodie.

"Okay. Armored up," he whispered, adjusting his new 'gear.' "Status: Degrading rapidly into a caveman. Current mission: Find some fucking food."

He continued down the riverbank. His new setup allowed him to walk normally, or at least, without waddling. The pressure was still there, a constant, throbbing reminders of his overflow, but the sharp, stinging friction was gone.

Suddenly, he stopped.

The air pressure changed. The hair on his arms stood up.

It wasn't a sound. It was a *feeling*. A dense, heavy vibration in the soil.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

Footsteps. Heavy ones.

Nelson froze, pressing himself flat against a large tree trunk. His heart rate spiked. He could feel the air charge with emotion and press down on him like a physical weight. It wasn't from the past, but from the present.

Hunger. Aggression. territoriality.

He peeked around the bark.

About fifty yards downstream, drinking from the river, was a boar. But it wasn't a pig. It was a tank. It was the size of a minivan, covered in coarse, black bristles that sparked with static electricity. Its tusks were curved scimitars of yellow ivory, glowing faintly.

"Holy shit," Nelson breathed, his glasses slipping down his nose. "That's... that's dinner. That's gotta be a month's worth of dinner."

The boar snorted, lifting its head. Its eyes were red, burning with malice. It sniffed the air.

It smelled him. It smelled the sweet, cloying scent of his magic cum and the fear sweat pouring off him.

It turned. It locked eyes with him.

"Oh fuck."

The boar screamed. It wasn't a squeal; it was the sound of grinding metal, a guttural, vibrating roar that shook the leaves off the trees.

It charged.

The ground shook. Nelson could feel the impact of each hoof in his teeth. 2,000 pounds of muscle and magic accelerating toward him.

Run? No. Can't outrun that. Fight. Fight fight fight.

"Aahhh!" He instinctively tried to shield himself with his arms out of fear.

His brain short-circuited. The Flight response was overridden by the Freeze response, which was then slapped in the face by the Carnivore instinct.

KILL IT. EAT IT.

He stepped out from behind the tree. He didn't have a weapon. He didn't have a wand. He had two empty hands and a ballsack full of high-explosive magic.

"Okay. Okay. Physics. Momentum. Electro-Static Discharge."

He planted his feet. He could feel the energy pulsing beneath him—a faint hum in the mud. He imagined himself as a lightning rod. He imagined his body as a copper wire connecting the sky to the earth.

He pulled the energy. Not from his core—that was too dangerous—but from the air. From the friction of the boar's charge.

"Come on... come on..."

The boar was twenty yards away. Ten. He could smell it. Rancid musk and ozone.

He thrust his hands forward, palms open.

"Haah!"

It wasn't a spell.

A jagged, blinding arc of blue-white lightning erupted from his palms. It didn't look like a clean bolt; it looked like a shotgun blast of plasma. The air screamed as it tore apart.

CRACK-BOOM.

The lightning slammed into the boar's snout. The creature didn't even have time to squeal. The impact was kinetic. It stopped the 2,000-pound beast dead in its tracks as if it had hit a concrete wall.

The boar was thrown backward, tumbling end over end, its fur smoking. It crashed into the river with a massive splash, steam instantly hissing up from the water.

Nelson stood there, his hands smoking, his vision blurry. The recoil had nearly dislocated his shoulders. He felt... hollow. Cold.

"Did I... did I get it?"

He stumbled to the riverbank. The boar was floating on its side, drifting in the current. Its chest was still, a massive, charred crater where its nose used to be. The water around it was bubbling.

"I killed it," he whispered, his voice trembling with a mix of horror and primal elation. "I fucking nuked a giant pig."

He waded in to grab it before it floated away. The carcass was heavy, but the water helped buoyant it. He dragged it to the shore, his muscles screaming.

He sat next to the mountain of meat, panting. He looked at his hands. They were red, blisters forming on his palms again.

"Note to self: Get gloves. Or a stick. Anything."

He looked at the boar. He didn't have a knife. He grabbed the sharp slate rock he'd used on the toad. It looked pathetic against the thick hide.

"I need... I need to cut this open. I need the fat."

He placed his hand on the boar's flank. He focused. Not on lightning this time. On **Vibration**. He imagined his hand was a high-frequency saw.

Hummmmm.

His hand blurred. He pressed down. The skin split open with a wet tearing sound, slicing through the hide and the thick layer of white fat beneath like it was butter.

"Whoa."

He carved a chunk of fat out. It was warm. Oily.

He didn't wait to cook it. He shoved the raw, warm fat into his mouth.

It was revolting and heavenly at the same time. It coated his tongue in grease. He swallowed, feeling the dense calories hit his stomach like a bomb.

"Yes. Yes. Fuel."

He ate until he felt sick. Then he ate more.

As his stomach filled, the cycle started again. The energy from the magical beast rushed into his system. His exhaustion faded. His burns started to itch.

And inevitably, the overflow valve triggered.

"No. Not now. Please not now," he groaned, his hand flying to his crotch.

His makeshift vine-jockstrap was suddenly too tight. Agonizingly tight. His testicles were inflating again, pressing against the constricting plant fiber until he thought they would burst. The leaf-sheath around his penis tore as his erection surged, ripping through the green vegetable matter like it was tissue paper.

"Gah! Fuck!"

He scrambled to untie the knots, his fingers slick with pig fat. He yanked the vine loose, and his scrotum swung free, heavy and swollen, glowing brighter than before. The blue veins were now pulsing with a distinct, audible *thrum*.

"I'm full again. I'm already full," he whined, tears of frustration mixing with the grease on his face. "I just jerked off last night. This isn't fair. This isn't biologically possible."

But it was happening. The boar meat was high-octane fuel. His body was processing it into Mana-Semen at a terrifying rate. He felt the fluid rising in his tubes, a bubbling, carbonated pressure that made his knees buckle.

He looked at the dead boar. It was still warm.

An insane, depraved thought crossed his mind. A thought born of desperation, loneliness, and the absolute lack of any other option.

It's meat. It's warm. It's soft.

He looked at the slash he had made in the boar's flank. The layer of white fat was thick, glistening, and body-temperature

"Oh, no. I am **NOT** doing... *that*."

"I am a human being. I am a civilized person from Earth. I am not going to fuck a dead pig. That is... that is literally *Lord of the Flies* shit."

He stood up, pacing back and forth on the riverbank, his erection bouncing painfully against his thighs.

"Just jerk off. Just use your hand. It's normal. It's healthy."

He wrapped his hand around his shaft.

"Nnnngh!"

He ripped his hand away instantly. It was too raw. The skin was red and shiny, inflamed from the friction of the hoodie and the earlier abuse. His hand felt like sandpaper. He needed lube. He needed something slick.

He looked at the boar again. The fat was melting slightly in the sun, turning into a clear, viscous oil.

"It's... it's just lube. It's just organic lubricant. Tallow. People use tallow for lotion. It's fine."

He scooped a handful of the warm, rendered fat from the carcass. It was silky smooth. He rubbed it onto his palms. It felt amazing.

"Okay. Okay. Just lube."

He reached down and coated his penis in the warm grease.

"Oh... fuck..."

His eyes rolled back. The relief was instantaneous. The friction vanished. His hand glided over the inflamed skin without pain.

He started to stroke. Fast. Desperate.

"Ah... ah... ah..."

He leaned back against the boar's flank for support. The animal was still warm, a massive heat-sink. His ass pressed against the fur.

He looked down at himself. He was covered in pig fat, jerking off next to a river, leaning against a corpse he had just electrocuted.

"I'm pathetic. I'm so pathetic," he moaned, stroking faster. "But it feels so good. God, it feels so good."

The pressure built. But this time, his mind wandered. The boar... the warmth... the size. It was huge. Heavy.

He closed his eyes. He imagined it wasn't a pig. He imagined it was a busty catgirl from one of his hentai anime. Or a giantess. Someone massive. Someone who could crush him.

He turned around. He pressed his hips against the warm, soft fat of the boar's belly. Not penetrating. Just pressing. Humping the warmth.

The sensation of something yielding and heavy against his groin was the tipping point.

"Mommy... mommy..."

He came.

It was violent. A white-hot explosion that made his legs give out. He slid down the side of the carcass, shooting thick ropes of glowing fluid all over the boar's fur, the mud, his own stomach. It went on and on, a convulsive, emptying release that left him sobbing for breath.

He lay there in the mud, curled against the dead animal, covered in fat and cum and shame.

"I hate this world," he whispered into the fur. "I really, really hate this world."

And then he passed out.

Nelson woke to a sensation of pinching. Dozens of tiny, sharp pinches all over his stomach and thighs.

"Ow... quit it..." he mumbled, swatting blindly at his midsection.

His hand hit something hard and buzzing.

He jolted upright, his glasses sliding down his nose. The forest was brighter now—mid-morning. The light filtering through the trees was a harsh, verdant green.

He wasn't alone.

His lower body, and the side of the boar he had defiled, was covered in beetles. But they weren't normal beetles. They were iridescent, jewel-toned scarabs the size of walnuts. And they were feasting.

They were clustered in thick, writhing knots on his stomach, his thighs, and the fur of the boar, mandibles clicking furiously as they harvested the dried, glowing crust of his semen.

“AH! Get off! Get the fuck off!”

Nelson scrambled backward, crabbing away from the carcass. He frantically brushed at his skin, knocking the beetles away. They didn't bite him; they were just aggressively scraping up the "manna" he had provided.

He stood up, panting, his hoodie hanging open. He looked down at himself. The "glaze" was mostly gone, eaten away by the insects, leaving his skin red and irritated but weirdly clean.

But the ground...

He stared at the spot where he had lain.

The moss there had mutated. In the few hours he had slept, the patch of earth where his fluids had soaked in had exploded with growth. The moss wasn't green anymore; it was a vibrant, neon violet. It had grown four inches thick, looking like plush carpet. Tiny, translucent mushrooms were sprouting from the mud, pulsing with a soft white light that matched the glow of his cum.

“It... it fucking fertilized it,” he silently chuckled, adjusting his glasses with a trembling hand.

“High-nitrogen, magically-enhanced biological fertilizer. I literally... I terraformed a square foot of dirt with my balls.”

He looked at the boar. The beetles had stripped the fur clean of the fluids, leaving shiny black bristles. They hadn't touched the meat. They only wanted the *essence*.

Nelson felt a weird mix of scientific fascination and profound self-loathing. “I am the bottom of the food chain. I am literally bug food.”

He shivered. The air was cool. He was naked from the waist down again, his sneakers mud-caked. His penis, thankfully, was soft—or as soft as it got. It hung heavy and thick, the skin slightly puffy from the abuse, retreating into the warmth of his thighs. His balls were still large, humming with a low-grade recharge, but the agonizing, bursting pressure was gone for now.

“Okay. Priorities,” he muttered, his voice raspy. “Food. Water. Pants. In that order.”

He looked at the boar carcass. It was starting to smell—not rot yet, but the metallic tang of old blood. He needed to harvest what he could before the *real* scavengers showed up.

He walked back to the carcass. He didn't have a knife. He looked at his hand. It was still blistered, but the skin felt tougher. Leathery.

Vibration. Molecular separation.

He placed his hand on the boar's hindquarter. He closed his eyes and hummed a low note in his throat, trying to match the frequency of the Saw spell he'd used before.

Bzzt.

His hand vibrated. He pressed down. It was harder this time—he was lower on energy—but his fingers sank into the meat like dull blades. He carved out a massive chunk of the thigh muscle, about five pounds of dark red meat.

"Fire. I need fire. I can't eat raw pork. Even I have limits."

He gathered some dry leaves and twigs, piling them near the riverbank. He stared at the pile.

He leaned over the pile of kindling, his hand hovering inches above the dry leaves. His heart hammered. The memory of the blisters from trying to heat the river was still fresh.

"Just... gentle. Not a shotgun blast. A pilot light," he whispered.

He focused on the tip of his index finger. He imagined a single point of intense friction. He squeezed his glutes, feeling the residual mana in his balls shift. He channeled it up his spine, through his shoulder, down his arm.

Push.

A tiny, white-hot spark jumped from his finger.

POP.

The dry leaf instantly vaporized. It didn't catch fire; it just vanished in a puff of ash.

"Too hot. Too concentrated. Plasma," he diagnosed, wiping sweat from his forehead. "Needs to be broader. Thermal radiation. Infrared."

He spread his fingers. He imagined his hand was a heat lamp. He pushed again, slower this time, letting the energy bleed out of his palm in a wave.

The air shimmered. The leaves curled, turning brown, then black. Smoke curled up.

Whoosh.

A small, orange flame flickered to life.

"Haha! Yes! Science!"

He fed the fire carefully, adding larger sticks until he had a steady, crackling blaze. He skewered the chunk of boar meat on a thin stick and held it over the flames. The smell of roasting pork filled the air, instantly making his stomach cramp with hunger.

While it cooked, he sat back on his heels, enjoying the warmth on his bare legs. He looked at the boar carcass. The hide.

"I need pants. I can't walk around like this. I'll get insects on my dick... again."

He went back to the carcass. Using his Vibro-Hand technique, he sawed off a large square of the boar's hide. It was bloody, greasy, and smelled awful, but it was thick.

He dragged it to the river and rinsed it. The cold water shocked the fat off.

He laid it out on a rock to dry near the fire. It wasn't tanned leather. It was raw skin. It would stiffen and rot eventually. But for now, it was something.

Nelson chewed on the charred, unseasoned pork. It was tough, stringy, and tasted gamey, but to his starving body, it was ambrosia. He ate three pounds of it, tearing the meat off the stick with his teeth, grease running down his chin.

With every bite, he felt himself recharge. The lethargy vanished. His vision sharpened to a predatory clarity. And, inevitably, the heaviness returned to his groin.

"It's like a fuel gauge," he muttered, swallowing the last chunk. "Eat meat -> Balls fill up -> Horny -> Cum -> Hungry. It's a loop. A horrible biological loop."

He checked the hide. It was damp but warm. He used the slate rock to punch holes along the edges. Then he stripped more vines to use as laces.

He wrapped the hide around his waist like a kilt or a towel. He threaded the vines through the holes, tying it tight.

It was crude. It was bristly. The stiff fur scratched his thighs. But it covered him.

"Okay. Level 1 Armor: Boar-Ass Skirt," he said, trying to find some humor in the situation. "Stats: +1 Defense, -10 Charisma, +5 Chafing."

He packed up. He shoved the remaining cooked meat into his backpack, wrapping it in leaves to protect his laptop. He filled his empty water bottle from the stream, purifying it with a quick "Zap" of radiation from his hand.

He put the earbuds in. He needed his daily dose of stimming escapism right now, and he's gone too long without it.

He queued up Sonic Unleashed OST - "Windmill Isle (Day)."

Violin intro. Upbeat tempo.

The music hit his brain like a drug. The anxiety knotting his chest loosened instantly. His posture straightened. The world wasn't a terrifying alien forest anymore; it was a Level. A Green Hill Zone with better graphics.

He started to run.

Not a jog. A sprint.

His muscles fired. He exploded forward, his sneakers digging into the moss. The speed was intoxicating. He felt faster than he had ever been in gym class. His breath came easy, his lungs processing the oxygen-rich air effortlessly.

He saw a fallen log. Instead of climbing over it, he jumped.

He didn't just hop. He launched.

His dense bones took the load, his tendons snapped like high-tension cables. He cleared the log by three feet, soaring through the air with a weightlessness that made his stomach drop.

"Whoa!"

He landed, his knees bending to absorb the impact. He didn't stumble. He kept running.

The music swelled. The rhythm took over his nervous system.

Left. Right. Jump. Slide.

He was stimming. High-velocity stimming. He scrambled up a slanted rock face, his fingers finding grips instinctively. He vaulted over a root system.

For ten glorious minutes, he wasn't Nelson the loser. He wasn't the horny, leaking freak. He became **motion itself**.

The euphoria lasted exactly until the song ended.

As the final note faded, the silence of the forest crashed back in. Nelson skidded to a halt, panting, his chest heaving. The sweat on his skin cooled instantly.

And the friction returned.

The boar-hide kilt was a disaster. The stiff, untreated leather had rubbed his inner thighs raw during the run. But worse, the bouncing had agitated his payload.

"Oh no. No no no."

He felt it. The "Slosh." His balls felt heavy, liquid, and hot. The run hadn't burned off energy; it had generated it through triboelectric friction.

He was harder than ever. His penis was pressed against the rough, bristly inside of the hide, throbbing with a painful, insistent rhythm.

Thump. Thump. Drip.

He looked down. A clear trail of fluid was running down his shin from under the skirt.

"I can't run," he wheezed, leaning against a tree, defeated. "I physically can't even run without jerking off my own internal organs. Did my dick get a mind of its own?!"

He adjusted the bear skirt, wincing as the stiff leather pinched his scrotum.

"I need... softer pants. Where can I..."

He looked at the sun filtering through the leaves. It was high noon. He checked his phone. No signal (obviously). Battery: 38%.

He needed to save the battery for music. Music was sanity.

He started walking again, slower this time, waddling slightly to minimize the chafing.

He solemnly drooped his head in melancholic sorrow and sighed hopelessly. "Hey, look on the bright side, Nelson. At least I'm still alive. I would have been dead if it weren't for my magic. I even fought a giant pig and *won*."

He trudged on for hours. The forest began to change. The colossal trees thinned out, replaced by dense, thorny underbrush and rocky outcrops. The air grew warmer, humid and sticky.

His boar-hide kilt was becoming a torture device. The sun baked the raw skin, making it stiffen and shrink. It dug into his hips. The smell of the drying hide—rancid pork fat and blood—was attracting flies. Huge, buzzing, iridescent flies that kept trying to land on his legs and the hem of his skirt.

"Get away! Fuck off!"

He swatted at them, his hand crackling with static. He managed to zap one mid-air. It fell with a satisfying *zzzt*, smoking.

"Small victories," he muttered.

He was thirsty again. The river had veered away miles ago. He licked his dry lips.

Then, he saw it.

A clearing. In the center, surrounded by smooth, white stones, was a pool. The water was milky blue, steaming gently.

"Hot spring?"

He approached cautiously. The steam smelled of sulfur and... flowers? It was pleasant.

He knelt by the edge. He dipped a finger in.

It was hot. Like a perfect bath.

"Oh god. Yes."

He didn't hesitate. He stripped off the backpack, the sneakers, and the horrible, stiff boar skirt. He slid into the water naked.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh..."

The heat enveloped him. It soaked into his tired muscles, his chafed thighs, his aching balls. It felt like being hugged.

He floated on his back, staring up at the alien sky. The water supported his weight. For the first time since he arrived, the heavy drag in his pelvis vanished. He felt weightless.

He closed his eyes.

"Maybe... maybe this isn't so bad," he whispered. "If I just stay here... in the warm water... forever."

He drifted.

But the water wasn't just water. As he relaxed, he felt a tingling sensation on his skin. Tiny bubbles were adhering to him.

He looked down.

The water around his groin was glowing. Brighter than before. The minerals in the spring were reacting with his "Leakage."

The pool began to swirl. Not from a current, but from the thermal convection he was generating.

"Oh, come on. What is it, now?" he groaned, but he didn't move. It felt too good.

He reached down lazily to wash himself. His hand brushed his erection.

It didn't hurt this time. The hot water had softened the skin, relaxed the tension. It felt... smooth. Slick.

"Just... one. Just to clear the pipes. So I can walk without waddling."

He started to stroke. Slow. Languid. The water acted as the perfect lubricant.

"Mmm..."

He let his head fall back against the smooth stone edge of the pool. He wasn't thinking about monsters or survival. He was just a boy in a hot bath, indulging in the only pleasure left to him.

He pumped, watching the ripples spread from his hips. The water churned faster. The glow intensified.

He was about to come. He could feel it.

The pressure was different this time. It wasn't the frantic, explosive panic of the forest floor. It was a slow, rolling boil. The thermal energy of the spring was syncing with the magic in his blood.

"Oh... oh fuck... that's... deep," he groaned, his voice echoing slightly off the water.

He squeezed the base, feeling the pulse throb against his palm. His hips rose out of the water, arching towards the sky.

"Coming. I'm coming."

He released.

It was silent underwater. Just a heavy, rhythmic *thud-thud-thud* of fluid ejecting into the pool. Thick, glowing white clouds billowed out from his tip, swirling in the blue water like cream poured into coffee.

He came for a long time. His body shook, creating waves that lapped against the shore. The water around him turned opaque, milky white and glowing with a soft, ethereal luminescence.

When he finally stopped, he sank back down, submerged to his nose. He watched the glowing clouds of his own essence drift around him.

"I turned the hot spring into... into cum soup," he muffled into the water. "I am the worst thing to happen to this ecosystem."

He stayed there until the water started to cool. Then he climbed out, feeling drained but remarkably clean. The sulfur and minerals had healed his chafing. His skin felt smooth.

He dressed. He put the boar skirt back on, which was luckily slightly more pliable and flexible now from the steam.

He shouldered his pack.

"Okay. Where should I head next? Hmm..."

Nelson scanned the treeline. The sun was dipping lower, casting long shadows. He felt refreshed, but the emptiness in his stomach was back with a vengeance. Ejaculating half a pint of magical fluid had burned through his breakfast calories.

"Oh, for fucks sake! I just ate the rest of that boar meat!"

Just then, at the corner of his vision, he spotted a trail. It was what looked like a wide patch of beaten earth. Too regular for animals.

"Huh, is that a road?"

Nelson approached the trail cautiously. It wasn't paved, but the dirt was packed hard, smooth, and concave in the middle from heavy traffic.

"Wagon ruts," he noted, kneeling to touch the ground. "Civilization. Or at least... people with wheels."

He felt a surge of hope, immediately followed by dread. People meant help. But people also meant judgment. Loud noises. Awkward social interactions.

"What if they're... like medieval peasants? What if they burn me for being a witch?" He looked down at his boar-hide skirt and the glowing residue still faintly visible on his stomach. "I mean... I look like a swamp goblin. I wouldn't trust me."

But he had no choice.

He started walking along the road. The sun began to set, painting the sky in violent shades of purple and orange.

As night fell, the temperature dropped. Nelson shivered, wrapping his hoodie tighter. He missed the hot spring.

He saw lights ahead.

Not electric lights. Torches. Flickering orange flames on high wooden walls.

A town. Or what looked like a small village.

He crept closer to the nearest tree to get a good look while hoping to stay out of sight.

The village walls were rough-hewn logs, sharpened at the top. Primitive. Medieval. The torches sputtered, casting long, dancing shadows that made the whole place look like a jagged maw waiting to chew him up.

Nelson pressed his cheek against the rough bark of the oak tree, his glasses fogging slightly from his heavy breathing. He squinted. Two figures stood by the gate. They were holding spears. They looked... human-ish. Bipedal. Wearing armor.

But it wasn't the sight of them that hit him hardest. It was the smell drifting over the wall.

Woodsmoke. Unwashed bodies. And *meat*.

Rich, roasting, fatty meat. It smelled like pork, or maybe venison, charring over an open flame.

"Oh god," Nelson whimpered, clutching his stomach as it cramped violently. The scent triggered a biological riot in his gut. His mouth flooded with saliva so fast he had to swallow a gulp of it to keep from drooling on his hoodie. "That smells like... heaven. Greasy, salty heaven."

But alongside the hunger came the other thing. The Shadow.

Civilization means people. People means... women.

The thought was intrusive, unbidden, and instant. His brain, starved of contact and flooded with magic, made the leap before he could stop it.

Village. Beds. Warmth. Women. Soft skin. Heavy tits.

"No. Don't. Not now," he hissed, squeezing his eyes shut. "I'm hiding. I need to be small. I need to be invisible."

His body disobeyed.

Blood rushed south with a hydraulic force that made his vision blur. His penis, which had been semi-soft and uncomfortable inside the stiff boar-hide skirt, slammed into full mast. It hit the inside of the dried leather like a hammer hitting a drum.

Thud.

"Nnngh!"

He bit his knuckle to stifle a groan. The friction was agonizing. The boar hide had dried hard and crinkly, like cardboard. His erection was pressed against it, the head of his cock grinding against the rough, bristly texture.

"It hurts... it's so tight," he whispered, tears pricking his eyes. "Why am I like this? I'm watching a fortress and I have a diamond-cutter. I'm a tactical disaster."

He tried to shift his stance, to pull the skirt away from his body, but the leather was unforgiving. The pressure built. He could feel the familiar, sickeningly sweet heat bubbling in his prostate.

A hot, thick string of pre-cum oozed from the slit, coating the head. It provided a moment of slick relief against the leather, but he knew what it meant. He was priming. He was getting ready to blow, just from the *concept* of a village.

"I can't go in there like this," he panicked, his breathing becoming shallow and erratic. "I look like a pervert. I look like a swamp rapist. I'm wearing a dead pig and I have a boner the size of a flashlight. If I walk up to that gate, they'll shoot me. They'll definitely shoot me."

He looked down. The tent in the hide was undeniable. It jutted out, lifting the heavy leather skirt.

"Go down. Think about... think about listening to Touhou Project."

Nelson tried to summon the manic, high-speed piano melody of *U.N. Owen Was Her?* in his mind. He tried to focus on the impossible curtain-fire patterns, the colorful geometry of bullets.

It didn't work. The rhythm just synced with his pulse.

Thump-thump-thump-thump.

His erection throbbed in time with the imaginary beat. Instead of distraction, the fast tempo just made him feel frantic. His hips twitched involuntarily against the tree trunk.

"It's not working. It's making it worse," he choked out.

The smell of the roasting meat wafted over again, stronger this time. It mixed with the scent of his own musk—heavy, hormonal, and electric.

He was trapped. He couldn't go forward because he was visibly aroused. He couldn't go back because the forest was dark and full of things that wanted to eat him. And he couldn't stay here because he was starving.

"I have to... I have to fix it," he whispered, glancing nervously at the guards on the wall. "Quickly. Quietly. Just... relieve the pressure."

He slid down the base of the tree, hiding in the deep shadows of the roots. He pulled the boar skirt up.

His cock sprang free, glistening in the moonlight. It was terrifyingly engorged, the veins looking like purple worms wrapping around the shaft. A long, tenacious string of clear slime hung from the tip, connecting him to the ground like a spiderweb.

"Jesus, it's like a glowstick factory down here," he muttered, ashamed but unable to look away.

He didn't have any lube. The pig fat had dried or been absorbed.

He spat into his hand. It was thick, stringy saliva—dehydration spit.

He slapped it onto the head.

"Ah!"

He gritted his teeth against the shock. He started to stroke. Fast. Frantic. He needed this over with. He needed to be flaccid so he could walk.

Stroke. Stroke. Stroke.

He stared at the village gate, at the flickering torches. He imagined walking in there. He imagined a woman—a guard, maybe. Tall. Armor plating over massive breasts. She would see him. She would drag him into a guardhouse. She would force him down.

"Oh god... oh god..."

The fantasy was too potent. His body, starved for touch and overloaded with magic, reacted violently.

He didn't even get to pump ten times.

His hips bucked off the tree root.

With a muffled, strangled cry into his elbow, he erupted.

It was silent, but visually deafening. Thick, heavy ropes of glowing white fluid shot out, hitting the tree bark, the dirt, his own shoes. It splattered with the force of a spray can.

He came hard, his vision graying out, his legs shaking uncontrollably.

When he finally stopped, he slumped against the tree, panting, feeling sticky and hollow.

"This is the worst isekai experience ever," he whispered to the wet, glowing patch of moss between his legs.

He cleaned himself up as best he could with a handful of leaves, wincing as the rough foliage scraped his sensitive skin. He pulled the skirt down. He was still semi-hard, but the dangerous, tent-pole rigidity was gone.

He stood up. He adjusted his glasses.

"Okay. Take two. Don't look at women. Don't think about tits. Just... ask for water."

He stepped out of the shadows and walked toward the gate, his heart hammering against his ribs like a trapped bird.

Nelson approached the gate, his hands raised in the universal gesture of 'Please don't shoot me, I am pathetic.'

The guards spotted him instantly.

"Halt!"

The voice was sharp, authoritative, and distinctly feminine. It carried a crisp, clipped accent that sounded vaguely British or German—precise and cold.

Nelson froze. He squinted against the torchlight.

The guard who had spoken stepped forward. She wasn't human. Her ears were long and pointed, twitching slightly. An Elf.

She was tall, easily six feet, towering over Nelson. She wore leather armor that was clearly functional but could not hide the biology underneath. Her chestplate was molded, but it was struggling to contain what lay beneath. Even under the stiff leather, the swell of her breasts was immense—easily an **H-cup**, heavy and high, pushing against the buckles until the leather creaked with every breath. Her hips were wide, powerful, flaring out beneath a tattered war-skirt that revealed muscular, thick thighs wrapped in leather straps. Her hair was a golden blonde, tied back in a severe ponytail. Her eyes were blue, glowing faintly in the dark like a cat's.

Beside her was another guard. She had the ears and tail of a wolf but the body of a human. She was shorter, maybe 5'8", but broader. Her build was dense, packed with muscle. She wore a simple tunic that was stretched to its limit across a pair of **J-cup** breasts that seemed to defy gravity, swaying slightly as she shifted her stance. Her fur on her arms were black, and her pupils were red. She sniffed the air loudly.

"Smells like... thunder," the Wolf-Girl growled, her accent rougher, more guttural, like a Cockney brawler. "And... rutting pig?"

She wrinkled her nose, her gaze dropping immediately to Nelson's boar-hide skirt.

Nelson's heart stopped. *They can smell it. They can smell my magic cum.*

"Identify yourself, traveler," the Elf commanded, leveling her spear at his chest. The tip was gleaming in the firelight. "You are not from Qua-Toyne. You smell of the Old Forest."

"I... I..." Nelson stuttered. His debuff kicked in instantly.

He was staring. He couldn't help it. The Elf's H-cups were right at his eye level. The way her chest heaved with her breath was hypnotic. And the Wolf-Girl... her massive J-cups looked soft, heavy, like they would suffocate him if he got too close.

Blood rushed south. His refractory period vanished instantly. He felt his penis stir, twitching against the boar hide.

"I'm... Nelson, m-ma'am," he squeaked. "I'm lost. I just... I need water. And... meat."

The Wolf-Girl lowered her spear, her yellow eyes narrowing. She stepped closer, invading his personal space. She leaned in and sniffed his neck. Her nose was wet and cold against his skin.

Nelson shivered, his knees knocking together. The smell of her—wet fur, leather, and a deep, musky feminine scent—hit him like a drug. It took every ounce of willpower in him not to buck his hips in front of her like a horny dog.

"He smells weird, Captain," the Wolf-Girl rumbled. "Like... lightning. And fear. Lots of fear." She smirked, revealing sharp, white canines. "He's shaking like a leaf. Look at him."

She reached out a clawed hand and flicked the hem of his hoodie. It lifted slightly, revealing the top of his boar skirt.

"And he's wearing... garbage," she laughed. "Is that a pig skin? Did you kill a pig with your bare hands, little boy?"

"I... I..." Nelson felt the heat rising in his face and his cock getting harder. "I zapped it."

"Zapped it?" The Elf Captain raised an elegant eyebrow. She stepped closer, looming over him. Her presence was heavy, authoritative.

"Show us," she ordered. Her voice wasn't a request. It was a command. It vibrated in Nelson's chest.

"Show... what?"

"Your magic," she said, her blue eyes boring into his. "You claim to be a mage. Prove it. Or we leave you for the Wyverns."

Nelson swallowed hard. He held out his hand. He was terrified. He was *very* horny. He was exhausted.

He tried to summon a spark. A little light. Just to show them.

But his focus was shattered. All he could see were the Elf's massive, leather-bound tits heaving in front of him.

Okay, Nelson. Do not fuck this up. Don't stare at her tits. Don't stare at her tits. Don't stare at her tits.

He pushed.

FIZZ-POP.

A sputtering spark jumped from his finger and died.

The Wolf-Girl burst out laughing. It was a deep, throaty sound that made her massive J-cups bounce violently.

"That's it?" the Wolf-Girl wheezed, wiping a tear from her eye. "That's your 'Zap'? My grandmother farts lightning bigger than that."

The shame burned hotter than the spark. Nelson shrank back, wishing the ground would swallow him. His erection, confusingly, did not shrink. The humiliation was just adding fuel to the fire.

"Silence, Fen," the Elf Captain snapped. She didn't laugh. She stepped closer, invading Nelson's space until the tip of her breastplate was inches from his nose. He could smell the leather polish and the faint, sweet scent of milk beneath it.

"He is depleted," she stated, her voice cool and analytical. She reached out a gloved hand and grabbed Nelson's wrist. Her grip was iron. "Look at his veins. They are black. He is suffering from severe Mana Burn"

She turned his hand over, examining his blistered palm. Her touch was rough, but precise.

"You are trying to channel without a focus," she said, looking down at him with a mix of pity and disgust. "Like a child playing with fire. You are lucky you haven't boiled your own blood."

Nelson couldn't speak. He was hyperventilating. Being held by her—being touched by a woman who looked like a Valkyrie—was short-circuiting his brain. His penis gave a hard, visible *thump* against the boar skirt.

The Elf's eyes flicked down. She saw it. The fabric tented out, twitching rhythmically.

She didn't blush. She didn't look away. Her eyes narrowed, calculating.

"And you are... leaking," she observed dryly. "Excess mana pressure venting through the reproductive system. Typical for uninsulated males."

"I... I can't help it," Nelson whispered, his face burning. "It just... happens."

"Of course it happens. You are a raw wire," she said dismissively. She released his wrist. "Open the gate, Fen. He is not a threat. He has a medical emergency."

The Wolf-Girl stopped laughing. She looked at Nelson's bulge, her red eyes widening slightly. She licked her lips, a slow, deliberate motion.

"A leaky one, huh?" she purred, her voice dropping an octave. "We haven't had a live male in the village for... how long? The Matrons will be... interested."

She unlocked the heavy wooden bar, grunting as she lifted the massive timber with effortless strength. Her biceps bulged, and her massive J-cup breasts shifted, pressing together to form a cleavage so deep Nelson felt dizzy just looking at it.

"Come on, little sparkler," she beckoned, jerking her head toward the village. "Before you explode on my boots."

Nelson stumbled after them. As he passed through the gate, the sensory overload hit him.

The village wasn't primitive. It was... biologically integrated. The huts were grown from living wood, glowing with bio-luminescent moss. But it was the *people*.

Everywhere he looked. Women.

Tall women carrying crates. Short women sharpening swords. Old women weaving threads.

And every single one of them was built like a fertility idol.

A blacksmith hammering glowing metal had arms like tree trunks and breasts that must have been **K-cups**, swaying heavily with each swing of the hammer. A group of Elven archers practicing near the wall all sported athletic builds with tight waists and **G-cup** chests that strained against their light tunics.

The air was thick with pheromones, estrogen, and ambient magic.

Nelson felt like he was walking underwater while the smells all around him hit his hormonal teenage brain like a tactical nuke, making his balls clench again. Even though he tried to be respectful and look elsewhere, he couldn't stop himself from staring at the elf and wolf-girl's voluptuous bodies and creamy skin, biting his lip with charged lust as their hips and big asses sway hypnotically under their clothes with each step. And of course, it didn't help that his little companion chose now of all times to stage a rock-hard coup against his body in a horny rebellion.

Nelson's gaze was dragged down, locked onto the swaying hips of the Elf Captain walking in front of him. Her gait was powerful, confident. Every step sent a ripple through her thick thighs, the muscles flexing visibly under the leather straps. And her ass...

It was immense. Encased in tight leather breeches that looked like they had been molded onto her skin, her buttocks were two perfect, heavy globes that ground against each other with a hypnotic rhythm.

Left. Right. Left. Right.

Nelson swallowed, his mouth dry. He could hear the leather creaking. He could *smell* her—that potent mix of sweat, leather, and woman. It was intoxicating.

"Focus, Nelson. Focus on... physics. Or video games. Or just... anything else."

But focus was impossible for him. He was calculating the bounce. He was imagining burying himself in their fat bodies for warmth. He was wondering what it would feel like if she sat on his face and-

His erection gave a violent lurch, hitting the inside of his boar skirt so hard it audibly slapped the leather.

Thwack.

The Wolf-Girl, walking beside him, heard it. Her wolf ears swiveled. She glanced down at his crotch, a wicked grin spreading across her face.

"Easy there, Sparkler," she chuckled, her voice low and husky. "You're gonna poke a hole in that pig skin if you keep twitching like that."

She reached out—casually, boldly—and flicked the tip of his erection through the stiff hide.

"Ah!" Nelson yelped, jumping back. A jolt of electric pleasure-pain shot through his groin.

"Sensitive," she noted, her red eyes gleaming. "Bet you pop like a cork if someone even blows on it."

"Leave him be, Fen," the Captain said over her shoulder, not breaking stride. "He is overburdened. He needs emptying, not teasing."

She led them to a large, longhouse-style building in the center of the village. It was grown from a single, massive oak tree, the roots forming the foundation. A sign above the door, carved in glowing runes, pulsed with a soft, inviting light.

"The Barracks," the Captain announced. "Get inside. Wash yourself. There is a trough in the back. Do not touch anything else."

She opened the door and shoved him inside.

The interior was warm, smelling of cedar and lavender. Rows of bunks lined the walls. But Nelson didn't look at the beds. He looked at the women.

There were about a dozen of them. Off-duty guards. Some were cleaning armor. Some were eating. Some were... undressing.

Nelson froze in the doorway, and his brain completely shut down.

To his left, a towering Oni woman with pale green skin and tusks was pulling off her chainmail. As the heavy metal slid down her body, her breasts—monstrous, heavy **M-cups** with areolas the size of saucers—spilled out, swaying heavily. They were veined with blue mana lines, looking swollen and full.

To his right, a petite (by their standards, still 5 '10") Cat-Girl with red hair and pink eyes was stretching, her back arched. She wore only a loincloth. Her breasts were perky **F-cups**, bouncing with her movements. Her tail flicked back and forth, hypnotic.

They all suddenly stopped. They all looked at him, and it wasn't the glance of meeting a new guest.

It was the look of a pack of lions gazing upon a starving unicorn cub.

The silence in the barracks was heavy, charged with a static tension that made the hair on Nelson's arms stand straight up. A dozen pairs of eyes—predatory, hungry, and unmistakably female—were locked onto him.

He shrank back against the door, clutching his backpack like a shield. His knees knocked together.

"U-uh..," he squeaked.

The Oni woman straightened up, her massive chest heaving. She didn't cover herself. She walked toward him, her heavy steps shaking the floorboards. She loomed over him, easily seven feet tall, smelling of hot iron and musk.

"A male?" Her voice was like grinding stones. She leaned down, her face inches from his. Her breath was hot. "A little, skinny male? Where did you find this... snack, Captain?"

"Found him in the woods," the Elf Captain said, closing the door behind Nelson, sealing his fate. "He killed a Iron-Hide Boar with bare-handed lightning."

A murmur went through the room.

"Lightning?" The Cat-Girl perked up, her tail swishing faster. She bounded over, circling Nelson. She reached out a paw and poked his ribs. "He's so tiny. No meat on him. He looks like he'd snap if you rode him too hard."

"He is durable enough," the Captain said, unbuckling her breastplate. With a sigh of relief, she let the leather armor fall.

Nelson's eyes bulged.

Underneath, she wore a thin linen undershirt that was soaked transparent with sweat. Her **H-cup** breasts were pressed tight against the fabric, nipples hard and visible like rivets. They hung heavy and low, the weight clearly a burden.

"Get in the trough, boy," the Captain ordered, pointing to a large stone basin filled with steaming water at the back of the room. "You smell like dried cum and fear. Wash it off. Now."

Nelson didn't argue. He scuttled past the wall of giant women, keeping his eyes on the floor, trying desperately not to look at the landscape of tits surrounding him.

He reached the trough. He dropped his backpack. He hesitated.

He had to take off the skirt.

"Well?" The Wolf-Girl, Fen, was leaning against a bunk, arms crossed under her **J-cups**, pushing them up into a shelf of cleavage. "We're waiting. Show us the goods, Sparkler."

With trembling hands, Nelson untied the vine. The heavy leather skirt fell to the floor.

There was a collective intake of breath.

He stood there, naked, shivering. His erection, fueled by the sheer volume of pheromones in the room, was at a full 7-inch mast. It stood straight out, purple-headed and weeping, pointing accusingly at the ceiling in a painful ache. The vine sling holding his glowing, massive balls up looked absurdly primal. It didn't help that he could *feel* the gazes of every woman around him while his cock's musky odor filled the air around him, mixing with the feminine pheromones despite being in that rocky hot tub earlier, which only fueled the fire of his primal brain.

"Oh, my," the Cat-Girl whispered, her tail going rigid. "Look at the... veins."

The room seemed to shrink. The air grew thicker, hotter. The women moved closer, forming a half-circle around the trough. They weren't laughing anymore. They were staring with a frightening intensity.

"It's... disproportionate," the Oni murmured, reaching out a massive green hand as if to touch him, then stopping. Her eyes were glazed, fixated on the glowing pulses beneath his scrotal skin. "He has no body mass... but look at the storage capacity. He's built like a siege weapon."

Nelson scrambled into the water, splashing loudly. He submerged up to his nose, hiding his shame beneath the steaming surface.

"Please... just let me wash," he whimpered into the water.

"Wash quickly," the Captain said, her voice tight. She was staring at the water, watching the way it began to bubble and glow around Nelson's midsection as his leakage reacted with the heat. "We have a briefing. And you... need to be inspected."

She turned to the others. "Back to your stations. Leave the boy to soak."

Reluctantly, the wall of Amazonian flesh dispersed. But they didn't go far. They sat on their bunks, watching him. Nelson could feel their gazes like physical touches on his skin.

He scrubbed furiously, trying to ignore the Cat-Girl who was pretending to clean her claws while openly staring at the ripples in his bathwater.

After ten minutes, he couldn't stay in anymore. The water was getting too hot from his own thermal reaction.

He stood up.

Water streamed off his lean muscles. His erection hadn't subsided. If anything, the hot soak had made it angrier, shinier.

He stepped out onto the wooden floor. He reached for his towel—but he didn't have one.

"Here."

The Captain tossed him a rough, woolen cloth. He caught it, frantically wrapping it around his waist.

"Th-thank you, ma'am," he mumbled.

"Don't thank me yet," she said. She was sitting on the edge of a table, still in her sweaty undershirt. She patted the wood next to her. "Come here. Sit."

Nelson approached slowly. He sat on the table, tightly clutching the towel against his shivering like a prized religious artifact.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"N-nelson. Nelson Beri, m-ma'am," He quietly spoke. He tried yet again to be respectful, but as always, he was currently losing a war with his teenage lizard brain, especially with the fact that he was nearly naked while sitting right next to a hyper-endowed woman... and he couldn't stop glancing at her cream-skinned H-cup breast while sporting an aching hard-on.

Nngh. Fuck, why her tits are so big?

"Nelson Beri," the Captain repeated, testing the name on her tongue. She leaned in closer, the wooden table creaking under her shifting weight.

The movement brought her chest within inches of his shoulder. The smell of her—sweat, old leather, and a deep, biological heat—wafted off her in waves. It was the scent of a woman who had been wearing armor all day, a potent, fermented musk that hit Nelson's uninsulated olfactory nerves like a physical blow.

He tried to look at her face, he really did. But his eyes were magnetized to her chest. The thin, sweat-soaked linen of her undershirt was clinging to her **H-cup** breasts like a second skin. They were massive, heavy teardrops that rested on her upper stomach, the weight of them clearly substantial. Through the damp fabric, he could see the dark, wide circles of her areolas, nipples standing erect and hard as rivets from the cool air.

Oh my god. I can see the texture. I can see the bumps on her areolas, his brain screamed, the image burning itself into his memory. *She's so... biological. She's so real.*

"Your heart is racing, Nelson," she observed, her blue eyes dropping to his chest. "And you are vibrating."

"I... I'm fine," he whispered, clutching the towel tighter as if it could protect him from her sheer presence.

"Fine?" She tilted her head. Then, her gaze dropped lower. To his lap.

The towel was tented up, forming a sharp, trembling peak. A dark, wet spot was already forming at the tip of the tent, expanding rapidly as his pre-cum soaked through the rough wool.

"And you are still leaking," she noted, her voice dropping to a low, husky register that made Nelson's toes curl. "Even after a soak? Your production rate is... concerning. It suggests a critical mana imbalance."

She reached out.

"W-wait! Don't—"

She ignored him. She placed her hand flat on his lower stomach, just above the knot of the towel. Her palm was rough, calloused from sword work, but incredibly warm.

"Hhhngh!" Nelson gasped, his back arching. The heat from her hand seeped straight into his bladder.

"Quiet," she commanded softly. She slid her hand lower, pressing down on his pubic bone. "I need to check the distension. If your seminal vesicles rupture from the pressure, you will die of sepsis."

She pushed down.

It wasn't a sexual touch. It was a medical palpation. But to Nelson, who hadn't been touched by a woman in his entire life, it was overwhelming. The pressure of her hand forced his erection down, grinding it against his own stomach.

"Ah... ah... please, ma'am..."

"Call me Elara," she murmured, her eyes unfocused as she concentrated on the magical feedback from his body. "And stop squirming. I can feel the magic churning in there. It's like a boiling kettle."

She moved her hand again, slipping it *under* the waistband of the towel.

Nelson stopped breathing.

Her rough fingers brushed the side of his scrotum. Even though his balls were currently being held up by the vine sling he'd tied earlier, she could feel the heat radiating off them.

"Gods above," Elara whispered, her composure cracking for a second. "They are... solid. They feel like stones wrapped in silk."

She cupped the entire package through the vine sling, weighing him. Her hand was large, but she could barely encompass the swollen mass.

"You are carrying a dangerous payload, little mage," she said, her breath hitching slightly. She looked up, locking eyes with him. Her pupils were dilated, swallowing the blue. "Does it hurt?"

"Y-yes," Nelson choked out, tears of shame and overstimulation pricking his eyes. "It always hurts. It feels... heavy. Like they're gonna drag me down."

Elara squeezed gently. A jolt of white-hot pleasure-pain shot up Nelson's spine. His hips bucked off the table, his penis slapping wetly against his stomach under the towel.

"I bet it does," she purred. She leaned in, her voice dropping to a whisper right next to his ear. "You need a release valve, Nelson. A proper one. Not your hand. Not a hole in the ground."

She pulled her hand back, but as she did, her wrist brushed the tip of his exposed cock head where the towel had slipped.

Wet. Slick. Hot.

She looked at her wrist. It was coated in a smear of the glowing, pearlescent slime. She brought it to her nose and sniffed deeply, her eyes fluttering shut.

"Sweet," she murmured. "High-grade. Potent." She licked her wrist, tasting him.

Nelson felt like he was going to faint. A 6-foot tall Elf with sweat-soaked H-cups was tasting his fluids in front of him.

"The priestess will want to... examine this," she said, her voice thick. "But first... we need to stabilize you. You can't meet the Elder looking like a walking bomb."

She stood up, the movement causing her massive breasts to sway heavily, the nipples dragging against the wet linen.

"Fen," she barked, turning to the Wolf-Girl. "Clear the room. I need to perform an emergency extraction."

"Extraction?" Fen grinned, her tail wagging so hard it thumped against the bunk. "Can I help, Captain? He's got enough for two."

"Out," Elara ordered, pointing to the door. "Guard duty. No one enters."

As the other women filed out, casting hungry, lingering glances at Nelson's towel-covered lap, leaving Nelson and Elara completely alone with no one to bother them.

And Nelson has never felt so horny in his life up until now.

The heavy wooden door clicked shut, sealing out the rest of the world. The sound was like a gunshot in the sudden, suffocating silence of the barracks.

Nelson sat frozen on the edge of the table, his knuckles white as he gripped the rough wool of the towel. His heart wasn't just beating; it was vibrating, a frantic bird trapped in the cage of his ribs. He watched Elara walk back toward him. The sway of her hips was hypnotic, heavy and deliberate. The sound of her boots on the wood—*clack, clack, clack*—synced with the throbbing in his groin.

She stopped right between his spread knees.

She was immense. Standing there, her crotch was level with his thighs. The smell of her hit him full force—a dense, fermented cloud of female sweat, old leather, and that sweet, milky undertone that made his mouth flood with saliva.

"Drop the towel, Nelson," she ordered softly. Her voice was thick, lower than before. Her blue eyes were darkened, the pupils blown wide, fixed on the trembling tent in his lap.

"I... I..." Nelson tried to speak, but his throat was glued shut. His brain was melting. He looked up at her face, pale and sharp and beautiful, framed by golden hair. Then his eyes dropped to her chest.

The wet linen shirt was practically transparent now. Her **H-cup** breasts rose and fell with heavy breaths, the fabric straining to contain the sheer mass of them. He could see the pale, blue-veined skin underneath, contrasting so sharply with the dark, angry purple of her nipples that poked against the cloth like bullets.

She's so white, his mind screamed, the interracial fetish circuit in his brain firing on all cylinders. *She's like porcelain. And I'm... I'm just this dirty, dark stain next to her. Fuck, I want to ruin her. No, I want her to ruin me.*

"P-please..." he whimpered, his hands shaking as he let go of the towel.

It fell to the floor with a wet *plop*.

Elara inhaled sharply.

There it was. His 7-inch, furious erection, standing straight up against his dark stomach, weeping glowing fluid like a broken faucet. The vine sling was cutting into his scrotum, holding up the massive, glowing weight of his testicles.

"By the Goddess..." Elara breathed. She reached out, her hands trembling slightly.

When her pale, calloused fingers wrapped around his dark shaft, Nelson's head fell back, and a strangled, broken noise tore from his throat.

"Ahhh!"

The visual contrast shattered him. Her hand was so white, her fingers long and elegant, wrapping around the dark, throbbing meat of his cock. It looked like a scene from the videos he watched in the dark, but this was *real*. He involuntarily started bucking his hips into her hand upon contact like a rutting buck in heat.

"Fuck... fuck, your hand is so soft," Nelson groaned, his eyes rolling back as he thrust weakly into her grip. "It feels so good. Oh god, please just... squeeze it. Squeeze it hard."

"Shhh," Elara soothed, but her grip tightened. "You are scorching hot. You feel like a fever."

She began to stroke him. It wasn't gentle. It was firm, utilitarian, almost medical. She pulled the skin down, exposing the glistening, purple head, then slid back up, spreading the pre-cum over the shaft.

"Nnngh... hah... hah..."

Nelson watched, mesmerizing. Her pale skin sliding against his dark skin. The friction was perfect. Her palm was rough in just the right way, dragging against his sensitive nerve endings.

"You like that?" she murmured, watching his face. "You like being handled by an Elf?"

"Yes... yes, ma'am," he panted, his hips snapping forward to meet her strokes. "I love it. I love your hands. You're so... you're so big."

He reached out, his hands hovering, terrified to touch her. He wanted to grab those massive breasts hanging right in front of his face. He wanted to bury his face in them.

Elara saw the hunger in his eyes. She smiled, a predatory curl of her lips.

"You want them?" she whispered. "You want to touch my tits?"

"Please..." he begged, tears leaking from his eyes. "Please let me. I'm so hungry. I'm so horny."

She grabbed his wrists and slammed his hands onto her chest.

"Grab them."

Nelson gasped. The texture was overwhelming. Even through the damp linen, her breasts were heavy, soft, and impossibly warm. His fingers sank into the flesh like it was memory foam. He squeezed, feeling the dense weight of them filling his palms.

"Oh fuck... they're so heavy," he moaned, kneading them clumsily. "Your tits are so big!"

Elara hissed as he pinched her nipples through the shirt. "Harder. Don't be gentle. I am not glass."

Emboldened, Nelson squeezed harder. He buried his face between the mounds, inhaling deeply. The smell of her sweat and milk filled his lungs, drowning out everything else. He licked the fabric, tasting the salt of her skin.

"Good boy," Elara purred, increasing the speed of her hand on his cock. "Feed on me. Drain your stress."

The sensation was becoming too much. The pressure in his balls was spiking. The glowing veins under his skin pulsed brighter, casting a blue light on her white shirt.

"I'm gonna... I'm gonna..." he choked out, his hips piston-firing against her hand. "I can't hold it! It hurts! It hurts so good!"

"Then let it go," Elara commanded. She moved her other hand down, cupping his heavy balls, squeezing them. "Give it to me. Give me your magic."

That was the trigger. The squeeze on his testicles sent a jolt of pure electricity straight to his brain.

"huff, huff.... I'm coming! **MOMMY! I'M CUMMING!**"

Nelson's spine arched violently, lifting his ass off the table. His toes curled so hard his feet cramped.

With a guttural, animalistic roar, he erupted.

The first rope of fluid hit Elara's chest with an audible *splat*, right between her breasts. It was thick, glowing intensely white-blue, and steaming hot.

"Yes!" Elara gasped, her eyes widening as the heat hit her skin. She didn't pull away. She leaned into it.

The second shot hit her neck. The third coated her chin.

Nelson was convulsing, his cock spurting like a severed artery. He wasn't just ejaculating; he was emptying a reservoir. Wave after wave of viscous, magical sludge poured out of him, coating the Elf Captain in a layer of glowing glaze.

"Look at you," she panted, watching the fluid drip down her shirt. "So much. You were drowning in it."

He kept cumming. Ten seconds. Twenty. His vision went white. He couldn't hear anything but the rushing of blood in his ears and Elara's heavy breathing.

Finally, the stream slowed to a rhythmic pulse. He slumped forward, his face landing in the wet, sticky valley of her cleavage. He was sobbing softly, overwhelmed by the sheer intensity of the release.

"I... I messed you up," he whispered into her shirt, tasting his own fluids mixed with her sweat. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

Elara chuckled, a low vibration in her chest. She wrapped her arms around him, holding him tight against her. Her hand continued to stroke him gently, milking the last drops.

"Don't apologize," she murmured, kissing the top of his head. "This is... exquisite. Pure, unfiltered mana. My skin is tingling just touching it."

She scooped a fingerful of the fluid from her chest and brought it to her lips. She sucked it off slowly, her eyes locking with his.

"You taste like lightning," she whispered. "And you are going to be very, very useful to us, Nelson."

Nelson drifted in her arms, surrounded by the musky smell of sex and magic, feeling safe for the first time since he fell through the portal. He didn't care about the monsters or the future. He just wanted to stay right here, nestled in the bosom of this giant, white Elf woman, and let her take care of him forever.

The afterglow was a heavy, tranquilizing fog. Nelson lay limp against Elara, his cheek pressed into the damp, sticky linen covering her sternum. His glasses were crooked, smeared with his own glowing residue.

He felt boneless. The agonizing pressure in his balls was gone, replaced by a hollow, pleasantly achy emptiness. But something else was happening.

As he lay there, breathing in her scent, he felt a strange, tingling sensation on his skin where it touched hers. A warmth was flowing *from* her *into* him.

"You're... you're recharging me," he mumbled, confused.

Elara hummed, running her fingers through his hair. "Exchange, Nelson. You gave me raw mana. I am giving you life in return. Grounding."

She shifted, lifting him slightly. "But you are still malnourished. You burned too much just now."

She reached for the laces of her undershirt. With a deft tug, she loosened them.

"Wait, what—"

She pulled the fabric down.

Her left breast spilled out, massive and heavy. It was pale, veined with blue, and tipped with a nipple that was dark purple, bumpy, and the size of a plum. It swung slightly, the weight of it awe-inspiring.

Nelson stared, his mouth falling open. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. The sheer scale of it, the softness, the way it glowed in the dim light.

"Drink," she commanded softly, cupping the breast and offering it to him.

"I... I can't... that's for babies," he stammered, though his body was already leaning forward.

"It is for *sustenance*," she corrected. "My body is fortifying the mana you just gave me. It is transforming it into energy for you. Take it."

She pressed the nipple against his lips. It was warm and smelled sweet.

Nelson hesitated for one second. Then, the hunger took over.

He opened his mouth and latched on.

"Oh!" Elara gasped, her hand tightening in his hair.

He sucked. At first, nothing came. Then, a warm, thick liquid flooded his mouth. It tasted like sweet cream mixed with electricity. It was richer than any milk he had ever tasted.

He drank greedily like a starving baby, his hands coming up to hold the massive breast, kneading the soft flesh to stimulate the flow. He felt the nutrients hitting his bloodstream almost instantly. The trembling in his hands stopped. The cold in his bones vanished.

"Good boy," Elara whispered, watching him with hooded eyes. "Drain it. Take what you need."

He nursed for what felt like hours, alternating between drinking and just resting his cheek against the warm, soft skin. He felt safe. He felt... home.

Eventually, he pulled away, milk trickling from the corner of his mouth, although he didn't bother to wipe it off, instead looking up at Elara with the affectionate, glassy eyes of an orphaned boy finding his mother for the first time.

"Thank you," he whispered. "Mommy."

Elara froze for a split second at the word, then a slow, possessive smile spread across her face. She wiped the milk from his lip with her thumb and licked it off.

"You are welcome, little spark," she purred. She pulled her shirt back up, though it did little to hide her damp, milk-swollen cleavage. "Now. Up."

Nelson slid off the table, his legs still wobbly but stronger than before. He felt charged. Buzzed. He pulled his boar-hide skirt back on, though it felt even cruder now after being pressed against Elara's soft skin.

"U-um... Ms. Elara, do... Do you have any spare pants I can borrow?" he asked, looking down at his bare legs.

"Later. You need to rest first."

She led him to one of the bunks. It was large, built for an Elf, covered in furs.

"Sleep," she ordered. "When you wake up, the village priestess will decide what to do with you. And Nelson?"

He looked up at her, standing there in the dim light, covered in his fluids, looking like a goddess of fertility and war.

"Try not to make a mess on the furs. They are expensive to clean."

She winked, turned on her heel, and walked out, leaving him alone in the quiet, warm barracks.

Nelson rapidly blushed at her comment before climbing into the bed. It smelled of her. Lavender and sweat. He buried his face in the pillow, inhaling deeply.

His balls were already starting to refill, a slow, gentle hum beginning in his loins. But this time, it wasn't scary. He knew where the release valve was.

"I think... I think I can live here," he whispered into the darkness.

He closed his eyes, and for the first time in his life, he slept without dreaming of missing a bus. He dreamed of white skin, warm milk, and endless, blissful silence.

Nelson woke up with a start. The barracks were empty, sunlight streaming through the windows.

He felt... different.

The ache in his joints was gone. The brain fog was gone. He sat up, stretching. His back popped satisfyingly.

He looked down.

"Oh no."

His boar-hide skirt had ridden up while he slept. And underneath, he was pitching the biggest, hardest tent of his life.

"Why is it always like this?" he groaned, putting his head in his hands.

But this time, it wasn't just blood. It was *magic*. He could feel the magic humming in his veins, synchronized with his heartbeat. The milk from last night had supercharged his recovery.

He swung his legs out of bed. His feet hit the floor with a solid *thud*.

However, something felt... different. He felt denser. Heavier.

He walked to the mirror hanging on the wall. He gasped.

He wasn't "skinny" anymore. He was lean, yes, but the muscles in his arms and chest were defined and hard. His skin seemed darker, glowing slightly with health. Even his face looked sharper, less baby-fat and water weight, more... predatory. He looked like a completely different person.

"It must be the magic," he whispered, touching his cheek. "It's mutating me. It's... optimizing me."

He looked down at his crotch again. The vein on his erection was pulsing blue.

Sigh, "Okay. First order of business: Pants, find Elara... and figure out how to be a wizard without blowing myself up."

He grabbed his backpack. He put his earbuds in, taking a deep breath before exhaling.

Kingdom Hearts 2 - "*Lazy Afternoons*."

"Let's do this."

He pushed open the door and stepped out into the main barracks hall, ready to face this new world as the horny, autistic wizard of this new world.

The sunlight hit Nelson like a physical weight, dazzlingly bright compared to the dim barracks. The lilting, nostalgic melody of "Lazy Afternoons" filtered through his earbuds, overlaying the village with a surreal, melancholic calm. It was the perfect soundtrack for a town that looked like it grew out of the earth itself.

Directly in front of him, two Elven women were sawing a massive log. They were shirtless, wearing only loose trousers held up by rope. Their backs were slick with sweat, muscles rippling with every push and pull of the saw. As they moved, their breasts—easily **G-cups**, heavy and unrestrained—swung violently, slapping against their ribs with wet, audible thuds that cut right through his music.

Nelson stopped dead, his mouth going dry.

He tried not to stare, but his dick didn't care about politeness. It cared about the sheen of sweat on their pale skin and the way their nipples hardened in the breeze. His erection, which had

been a manageable pressure, surged against the boar hide, tenting the stiff leather out so far he looked like he was smuggling a rolling pin.

"Oh god. Don't look. Just... keep walking."

He tried to skirt around them, hugging the wall of the barracks.

"Well, look who's finally awake."

The voice was a growl, vibrating right next to his ear.

Nelson yelped, jumping sideways. He ripped an earbud out.

Fen, the Wolf-Girl, was leaning against a wooden pillar, picking her teeth with a splinter. In the daylight, she was terrifyingly magnificent. Her black fur was glossy, covering her arms and legs but leaving her torso mostly bare save for the straining tunic. Her **J-cup** breasts were resting on her crossed arms, pushed up so high they practically touched her chin.

She sniffed the air, her ears twitching. A slow, knowing grin spread across her face, revealing those sharp, white canines.

"You smell different, Sparkler," she rumbled, pushing off the pillar and stalking toward him. "You smell like... milk. And Elara."

She leaned in, her nose burying itself in the crook of his neck. She inhaled deeply, the sound wet and animalistic.

Nelson whimpered, his knees unlocking. The smell of her—wet dog, iron, and a heavy, spicy female musk—was overwhelming. It triggered a primal response in his brain. He wanted to roll over and show her his belly.

"She marked you good," Fen chuckled, pulling back but staying inside his personal space. Her red eyes dropped to his crotch. "And I see she didn't drain *everything*. That pig skin is fighting for its life down there."

"I... I can't help it," Nelson stammered, his face burning. "It's the... the air. The pressure."

"Uh-huh. Pressure," Fen teased. She reached out and poked the tip of his erection through the leather.

Thwack.

"Ah!" Nelson gasped, his hips bucking involuntarily.

"Solid rock," she noted, impressed. "You humans are funny. Walk around ready to breed twenty-four-seven, but you act like you're ashamed of it." She grabbed his shoulder, her grip

strong enough to bruise. "Come on. Elera said she wanted to see you. And if you keep standing here staring at the lumber-girls, you're gonna leak through that skirt again."

She spun him around and marched him toward the largest structure in the village—a massive hollowed-out tree at the far end of the square.

Walking behind her was a new form of torture. Fen didn't walk; she prowled. Her tail swished back and forth, mesmerizing him. But it was her ass that destroyed him. Her trousers were tight, hugging a pair of glutes that were round, muscular, and impossibly wide. Every step was a display of kinetic energy transfer.

Bounce. Flex. Bounce. Flex.

"Stop looking at her ass, Nelson," he whispered to himself, sweating. "You're a mage. You're a man of science and magic."

Yeah, the science and magic of THICC white MILFs, his inner monologue fired back.

As they walked through the village square, Nelson felt the "Gaze" again. It was heavy. Every woman they passed—carrying baskets, sharpening spears, nursing babies with breasts the size of melons—stopped to look at him.

They looked at his dark skin. They looked at his glasses. But mostly, they looked at the tent in his skirt.

He heard whispers.

"Is that the lightning boy?"

"Look at the size of him. He's tiny."

"I heard he filled the Captain up like a wineskin."

"Delicious."

Nelson hunched his shoulders, trying to make himself smaller. "They're eating me with their eyes," he hissed to Fen.

"They're just hungry, Sparkler," Fen laughed over her shoulder. "We get maybe one trader a month, and they're usually old, fat dwarves who can barely get it up. You?" She glanced back at his crotch. "You're walking around like a loaded cannon. You're fresh meat."

They reached the Great Tree. The entrance was a natural archway formed by the roots. It smelled of incense and ozone.

Inside, it was cool and dim. Sunlight filtered through the leaves high above, creating dappled patterns on the floor. In the center of the room sat a woman on a throne woven from living vines.

She was an Elf. Her hair was black, braided in a complex crown. Her face was still smooth for her age, with only minor wrinkles shown, but her eyes were sharp and vibrant purple. She wore loose, flowing robes of black silk.

But even the robes couldn't hide the biology. Her breasts were heavy and massive—**L-cups** easily—resting on her lap like sleepy animals. They looked soft, matronly, and profoundly comforting.

Beside her stood Elara. She had changed. She was wearing a formal uniform now, clean and pressed, but her hair was still damp, and there was a flush to her cheeks that Nelson recognized.

"Matron," Fen announced, shoving Nelson forward. "Here's the stray."

The Matron looked him up and down. Her gaze was different from the others. It wasn't hungry; it was analytical. Like a farmer inspecting a prize bull.

"Nelson," she said, her voice sounding like dry leaves rustling. "Elara tells me you are... unique."

"Yes, Matron," Nelson mumbled, bowing awkwardly. His erection scraped against the leather, sending a jolt of pleasure that made him twitch.

The Matron leaned forward, the vines of her throne creaking under her weight. Her purple eyes glowed. "Come closer, child. Let me see this... *potential*."

Nelson shuffled forward, his sneakers squeaking on the polished wood floor. He stopped a few feet from the throne. Up close, the Matron's scent was overpowering—dried herbs, old paper, and a heavy, fermented sweetness that reminded him of sourdough starter and warm milk. It was the smell of pure, concentrated fertility.

"Elara says you generate magic," she said, her gaze drifting to his midsection. "That you do not draw it from the Ley Lines, but that you *are* a Line."

"I... I think so?" Nelson stammered.

The Matron smiled, a slow, terrifying expression. "Your power lies within your soul. Here, we call it the *Fountain*. And yours..."

She reached out a hand. Her fingers were long, tipped with black nails. She didn't touch him. She just held her palm inches from his crotch.

Nelson gasped. He felt a tug. A magnetic pull. The fluid in his testicles surged upward, responding to her call.

"Oh god!"

His knees buckled. His erection jumped, slamming against the boar hide with a *crack*. A fresh wave of pre-cum gushed out, soaking the leather instantly.

"The pressure is immense," the Matron whispered, her eyes widening. "You are boiling inside. How are you not dead?"

"I... I leak," Nelson choked out, his face burning. "I have to... empty it. All the time."

"And what happens to the discharge?" she asked, her voice sharp.

"It... it glows. And it gets hot. And bugs eat it... I even think it fertilized a dead patch of grass..." he confessed, wanting to die of shame.

The Matron's eyes snapped to Elara. "Is this true?"

Elara nodded, her cheeks flushing darker. She stepped forward, her hand unconsciously drifting to her stomach. "It's true, Matron. I... sampled it. It tastes like pure, concentrated mana. And after I drank from him, my reserves were full within minutes. I haven't felt this charged since I was a maiden."

A heavy silence fell over the room. The Matron leaned back, her massive L-cup breasts shifting heavily in her lap. She looked at Nelson not as a boy, but as a strategic asset. A nuclear reactor with legs.

"Fertilizer," she mused. "Fuel. Healing. You are a walking alchemical engine."

She stood up. For an older woman, she moved with surprising fluidity. She walked around Nelson, her silk robes whispering against the floor. She stopped behind him.

"But an engine needs a governor," she said softly, her breath tickling his ear. "If you keep running this hot, you will burn out. Your nerves will fray. Your heart will stop."

She placed her hands on his shoulders. Her grip was strong, maternal.

"You need a keeper, Nelson. Someone to manage your output. Someone to ensure you are fed, rested... and drained."

She looked at Elara and Fen.

"Who claimed him?"

Fen stepped forward, her tail wagging. "I found him first. I smelled him a mile away."

Elara crossed her arms, her H-cups pushing up. "I stabilized him. I fed him. He bonded with me."

The Matron hummed. "A conflict. Typical." She looked down at Nelson, who was currently trying not to pass out from the combined pheromones of three apex predators. "What do you want, boy? Who do you want to serve?"

Nelson's brain just did a backflip while he took a step back.

"What... D-do I really have to choose?!" He squeaked, his voice cracking slightly while coming off louder than intended.

"Choose?" The Matron laughed, a dry, rustling sound. "Oh, sweet child. You don't choose *one*. You choose who *starts*."

She circled back to her throne and sat, the vines groaning.

"A single vessel cannot contain a river," she said, gesturing to his still-thumping erection. "If Elara took you every night, she would overdose on mana. She would glow in the dark. If Fen took you, she would burn out her stamina trying to keep up with your recharge rate."

She leaned forward, her eyes gleaming.

"You need a rotation. A harem is not a luxury for you, child. It is a matter of necessity. You need a rock to ground your surges. You need a mage to store your excess. You need a hunter to feed your fire."

Nelson stared at her, his mouth agape. His fantasy—the basement dream of being surrounded by powerful women—was being explained to him as a safety protocol.

"So... I have to... sleep with everyone?" he whispered, hope and terror warring in his chest.

"Eventually," the Matron nodded. "But for now, you need training. You have power, but no control. You leak because your flow is broken."

She pointed a long finger at Elara.

"Elara will be your Primary. She is calm. She will teach you how to hold the charge without exploding."

Then she pointed at Fen.

"Fen will be your Bodyguard. She will take you hunting. You need meat to fuel this... production. She will make sure you don't get eaten while you're staring at a flower."

Fen grinned, showing all her teeth. "I'll make sure he gets plenty of training, Matron. I'll run him until his tongue falls out."

"And tonight," the Matron added, her voice dropping to a whisper that echoed in the silent room. "Tonight, you stay here. With me."

Nelson froze. "With... you?"

"I need to calibrate you," she said simply. "I need to measure your capacity. And the only way to do that is to see how much you can fill."

She patted the arm of her throne.

"Go get cleaned up properly. Elara, find him some real clothes. Burn that pig skin; it smells like a butcher shop. Fen, get him food. Lots of it. He looks like a skeleton that's been thrown into a bag made of skin."

Fen grabbed Nelson by the back of his hoodie, lifting him slightly off his toes. "You heard the Matron. Let's go, Sparkler. I'm gonna find you the fattest elk in the forest."

Elara sighed, rubbing her temples. "And I will find you trousers. Something... flexible."

They dragged him out of the Great Tree. The sunlight was blinding after the dim interior.

As they walked back toward the barracks, Nelson felt a weird sensation. The fear was fading. The confusion was fading.

For the first time in his life, he had a schedule; Hunt with the Wolf Girl, get dressed by the Elf Mommy, and get "calibrated" by the Matron.

His balls throbbed in agreement.

"Hey, um..." he looked up at Elara, looking up at her face as they walked. "If you don't mind me asking, where are all the men in this village?"

Elara stopped walking. Fen's ears flattened against her head.

The village square, which had been bustling with activity, seemed to go quiet around them. The sound of hammers and laughter died down.

"Men?" Elara repeated, her voice tight. She looked around, her eyes scanning the village as if expecting an attack. "There are no men, Nelson. Not here. Not anymore."

"Why?" Nelson asked, his voice small. "Did they... leave?"

Fen snorted, a harsh, bitter sound. "Leave? No one leaves Qua-Toyne. Not unless they want to get eaten by Wyverns or enslaved by Louria."

She leaned down, her red eyes burning.

"They died, Sparkler. The War. Ten years ago. The Kingdom of Louria... they don't like Elves. And they really don't like Beastkin. They came through here like a plague. Killed the men. Took the boys."

She spat on the ground.

"We fought back. The women. The Matrons. We held the line. But by the time we pushed them out... there wasn't a cock left swinging in the entire valley."

Elara placed a hand on Nelson's shoulder. It was heavy, grounding.

"We have survived," she said quietly. "We trade with the Dwarves for seed sometimes. Or travelers. But they are rare. And weak. Most die in the forest before they reach us. The ones who **do** manage to come back... They rarely get to live past 40 years old."

Nelson immediately get ashamed st his own questions and looked down st himself with a heavy guilt.

"Oh... I'm... Sorry I asked." His voice sounded mournful for all the bad things they just described.

Elara's expression softened. She reached out and tilted his chin up, forcing him to look at her.

"Don't be sorry," she said firmly. "Be useful. You are here now. You are alive. And you have enough life in you to impregnate a mountain."

She glanced down at his still-bulging skirt.

"We don't need your pity, Nelson. We need your... *resources*. We need your strength. And if you give it to us freely... we will make sure nothing ever hurts you again."

Fen bumped his shoulder with her hip, nearly knocking him over.

"Yeah. Stick with us, Sparkler. We eat Lourians for breakfast. And we'll make sure you eat good, too. You need to put some meat on those bones if you're gonna last the night with the Matron."

She grinned, a wicked, toothy expression.

"She hasn't had a man in over twenty years. She's gonna ring you out like a soaked wyvern hide."

Nelson blushed out of surprised arousal as Fen brushed herself closer to him, making him gasp quietly as he stared at her jiggling tits. But it was her comment that made his brain do a double-take on his situation. The very thought of being at the mercy of a powerful woman, especially a big-titted elf witch who knew what she wanted and knew how to take it, sent a jolt of fear and arousal that made Nelson's balls clench.

They steered him into a low, squat building near the barracks. The sign above the door depicted a spool of thread and a dagger. The air inside was dry and smelled of tanned hide, cedar chips, and dried lavender—a sharp contrast to the humid, pheromone-heavy air outside.

It was a supply depot. Rows of leather armor, tunics, and boots lined the walls.

"Strip," Elara commanded, locking the door behind them. The click of the latch echoed in the quiet room.

Nelson swallowed hard. "Right... right here?"

"We don't have all day, Sparkler," Fen growled, leaning against a stack of crates. She crossed her arms, her massive **J-cup** breasts pushing up to her chin, creating a deep, shadowy cleavage that Nelson's eyes immediately dove into. "I'm hungry. And you need to be decent before we go to the mess hall."

Nelson's hands trembled as he reached for the knot of the boar-hide skirt. His fingers were slippery with his own sweat and the residual grease from the pig fat. He fumbled.

"Here. You're useless," Elara sighed, stepping forward.

She swatted his hands away. Her touch was electric. She grabbed the waistband of the stiff, drying hide and yanked.

The knot gave way. The skirt fell to his ankles.

Nelson stood there in his gray hoodie and the makeshift vine-jockstrap. The leaf sheath he had wrapped around his penis had disintegrated hours ago, leaving his shaft exposed.

It was angry.

His penis was a thick, purple-red truncheon, sticking straight out, perpendicular to his body. It bobbed with his heartbeat. The head was swollen, glistening with a fresh coat of clear, pre-cum slime. But the most arresting sight was his scrotum.

Held up by the tight vine sling, his testicles looked like two oversized, glowing plums. The blue bioluminescence pulsing under the dark skin was bright enough to be seen clearly in the dim room. They hummed. A low, audible *vrrr-vrrr-vrrr* sound, like a high-tension wire.

"Gods," Elara whispered, crouching down to get a better look.

Her face was inches from his crotch. Nelson could feel the heat radiating from her skin. He looked down. From this angle, he was looking straight down the front of her uniform. Her **H-cup** breasts were pooling in her bra (or whatever binding she wore), soft mounds of pale flesh pressed together.

"The pressure is building again," she noted, reaching out to touch the vine sling. "This constriction... it is dangerous. You are cutting off the flow."

She slipped a small knife from her boot. The cold steel brushed against his inner thigh, making him jump.

"Stay still," she ordered.

Snip.

She cut the vine.

Nelson gasped as the support vanished. His testicles dropped, swinging low and heavy between his thighs. The sensation of weight was immense, dragging at his pelvis, but the relief was orgasmic.

"Oh... oh god, that feels better," he moaned, his knees knocking together.

"Look at the size of them," Fen whistled, stepping closer. "They're bigger than my fist. And they're... vibrating?"

She reached out a clawed hand and cupped one of his balls, weighing it.

"Hnngh!" Nelson bit his lip. Her paw was rough, warm, and dangerous.

"Heavy," she confirmed, squeezing gently. "Like rocks. You're packed full, aren't you?"

"Y-yes," Nelson squeaked. "Always full."

Elara stood up, brushing past his erection. Her hip bumped the tip of his cock, sending a jolt of friction through him that made his vision white out for a second.

"Pants," she said, rummaging through a pile of clothes. "We need something... accommodating."

She pulled out a pair of dark breeches. They were made of a soft, stretchy doe-skin leather.

"Try these. They are meant for Oni scouts, so the crotch should be... sufficient."

She didn't hand them to him. She knelt down again.

"Lift your leg."

Nelson obeyed, bracing his hand on her shoulder for balance. His fingers dug into the muscle of her shoulder. She felt solid. Indestructible.

She guided his foot into the pant leg. Then the other. She pulled them up.

Her hands slid up his calves, over his knees, and onto his thighs. Her touch was possessive. She wasn't just dressing him; she was mapping him.

She reached the top. She grabbed the waistband and hauled them up over his hips.

"Tuck it," she commanded, looking at his erection, which was currently blocking the fly.

"I... I can't," Nelson whispered. "It won't bend down. It hurts."

"Up then," she said efficiently.

She reached into the pants, her hand wrapping around his hot, sticky shaft. She pulled it upward, pressing it against his stomach.

"Ah! Ah! Your hand!"

"Quiet."

She buttoned the fly over his erection.

The fit was... tight. The soft leather hugged his glutes and thighs perfectly, showing off the new muscle definition he'd gained from the magic. But the front...

There was a massive, undeniable ridge running up his stomach. The head of his penis created a distinct, mushroom-shaped bulge just below his navel. And his balls... they filled the gusset of the pants completely, a heavy, prominent bulge that looked like he was wearing a codpiece.

Fen howled with laughter. "Subtle. Very subtle."

Elara stepped back, inspecting her work. She bit her lip. Her eyes traced the outline of his cock through the leather.

"It will have to do," she said, her voice thick. "At least it contains the leakage. The leather will absorb the fluids."

She grabbed a wide leather belt and cinched it around his waist. Then she found a loose, green tunic and pulled it over his head, covering the hoodie. The tunic hung low enough to *almost* hide the bulge, but every time he moved, the fabric draped over the hard ridge.

"You look like an adventurer," Elara decided, adjusting his collar. She smoothed her hands down his chest, lingering on his pectorals. "A very... spirited adventurer."

Nelson gasped and blushed rapidly as he felt Elara's H-cup breasts and fat hips press against his body while her smooth, strong white hands pressed against his chest, causing him to involuntarily buck his hips slightly and accidentally grab Elara's hips and ass.

The contact was electric.

Nelson's hands, moving on pure instinct, squeezed. His fingers sank deep into the yielding flesh of Elara's hips. She was solid muscle underneath, but wrapped in a layer of soft, feminine fat that felt like warm dough. His thumbs dug into her waist, while his palms cupped the curve of her ass through the uniform trousers.

"Oh," Elara gasped, her eyes widening. She didn't pull away. She leaned into him.

Her pelvis ground against his. Through the layers of leather and linen, he could feel the heat of her mons. It was a searing, biological warmth. Her **H-cup** breasts were crushed against his chest, flattening slightly under the pressure. He could feel her nipples—hard, prominent points—digging into his ribs through his hoodie and tunic.

"You're bold, little spark," she whispered, her voice husky and trembling. She reached up, wrapping her arms around his neck, pulling his face down. Nelson, however, overwhelmed by Elera's physical presence, flinched slightly as he tried to pull his hands away from her out of a sense of perceived shame and guilt.

"I... I'm sorry..." Nelson whimpered, awkwardly shifting his head away from her gaze, yet at the same time having his gaze drawn to her large tits while blushing.

Elara didn't let him pull away. Her hands, strong and calloused from decades of wielding a sword, clamped onto his forearms, locking him in place. She stepped forward, eliminating the inch of space he had tried to put between them.

"Sorry?" she repeated, her voice a low, vibrating purr that resonated in her chest. Her accent was crisp, clipped, but thick with an undercurrent of dark amusement. "For what? For possessing functioning hands? For recognizing a superior tactical position?"

She pressed him back until his hips hit the stack of crates behind him. The **H-cup** mass of her breasts smothered his chest, heavy and suffocatingly warm. He could feel the slow, rhythmic *thud* of her heart beating directly against his sternum through the layers of fabric.

"Y-you're a Captain," Nelson squeaked, his eyes darting frantically around the room, unable to escape the wall of pale, sweaty cleavage dominating his vision. "I shouldn't... I touched your... your rear. That's... harassment. I'm really a disgusting creep." (He lowered his head and looked to the side shamefully despite blushing so much)

"Harassment?" Elara scoffed, the sound sharp and incredulous. She released one of his arms only to grab his chin, forcing his head up. Her blue eyes were burning. "Look at me, Nelson. Look at what you are grabbing."

She guided his trembling hand back to her hip, pressing his palm into the soft, yielding curve where her waist flared out into her ass.

"This is not a courtroom. This is a village of warriors who haven't seen a cock in ten years. Do you think I am offended by your touch? I am *starving* for it."

She leaned in, her lips brushing his ear.

"You think you are a creep? A pervert? Good. Keep thinking that. Because that hunger in your eyes... that desperate, pathetic need to bury your face in me... that is exactly what makes you potent. Your shame is fuel."

She ground her pelvis against his. Through the soft doe-skin leather of his new breeches, he felt the distinct, damp heat of her arousal. She was soaked. The friction against his rock-hard erection was exquisite torture.

"Nnngh!" Nelson bit his lip, his hips twitching and humping against her moist crotch involuntarily while his face was buried in her H-cup tits. The scent of Elara's sweat, fruity perfume, and her musky arousal wafted over his body, along with the feeling of her warm presence, while he was groping her hips and ass, hit his limbic system like a primal drug.

"See?" she murmured, her voice vibrating against his lips as he panted against her chest. "Your body knows the truth, even if your cowardly little mind refuses to accept it. You want to fuck me, Nelson. You want to tear these clothes off and breed me on these crates."

"I... I..." He couldn't form words. The sheer biological reality of her—the weight of her breasts, the heat of her mons, the smell of her—was overloading his circuits. His "Autistic Radar" was screaming, picking up the *heavy* emotional residue radiating off her. It wasn't just lust; it was a desperate, possessive need.

"Say it," she commanded, grinding her hips harder, sliding the damp seam of her trousers against the agonizingly rigid length of his cock.

"I... I want..." He squeezed her ass, his fingers digging into the firm muscle beneath the fat. The tactile feedback was intoxicating. "I want to bury myself in you. You're so big... so warm... Mommy..."

The word slipped out again, a pathetic, needy confession.

Elara gasped, a sharp intake of breath. The word hit her like a physical blow. Her eyes darkened, the blue shifting to a stormy violet.

"Goddess above, you are a menace," she rasped.

She didn't kiss him. It wasn't about romance; it was about consumption. She grabbed the back of his head and forced his face deeper into her cleavage, suffocating him in the sweaty, milky scent of her **H-cups**.

"Drain me," she ordered, her voice trembling with sudden, fierce demand. "You have the power. Take it. Use me as your grounding rod."

Nelson didn't need to be told twice. The pressure in his balls, which had been humming at a steady 90% capacity, spiked to critical. The friction, the smell, the sheer dominance of her permission—it was the ultimate override code.

He pushed his hips forward, a desperate, clumsy thrust against her pelvis. Even through the layers of their clothing, the impact of his 7-inch, rock-hard erection against her swollen labia was seismic.

"Ah!" Elara cried out, her head thrown back, exposing the long, pale line of her throat. "Yes! Harder!"

Nelson humped her leg like a starving dog, his hands frantically kneading her ass. He was lost in the sensory input. The soft leather of his breeches, the wet heat radiating from her, the heavy weight of her breasts smothering his face.

"I'm gonna... I'm leaking..." he whined, the familiar, shameful sensation bubbling up. A thick glob of hot, glowing pre-cum oozed from his slit, pressing against the inside of his new pants.

"Leak for me," she hissed, her fingernails digging into his scalp. "I want to feel it. I want to feel how much you need this."

His hips moved faster. *Thump. Thump. Thump.* He was grinding against her pubic bone, finding the exact spot where his frantic friction met her wet heat.

"I can't... I can't hold it..." he sobbed, the pressure at the base of his spine screaming toward the breaking point. The magic in his blood was boiling, converting into that thick, white, alchemical fluid.

"Then let it go, little spark," she commanded, grinding down hard against him. "Fill your pants. Make a mess."

That was it. The absolute permission to be dirty, to be weak, to be completely overwhelmed.

"MOMMY!"

Nelson arched backward against the crates. His toes curled in his sneakers.

He erupted.

The force of his orgasm lifted his hips off the wood. A massive jet of thick, glowing fluid shot out, hitting the inside of the soft leather breeches with an audible, wet *slap*.

He didn't just come; he exploded. Wave after wave of hot, heavy "Mana-Semen" flooded the front of his pants. It soaked the doe-skin instantly, the fluid seeping through the porous leather to press wetly against his skin and hers.

He kept coming. His body convulsed, milking every drop of the converted magic from his swollen testicles. The heat was intense—a localized thermal pocket that made the air between them steam.

"Gods..." Elara gasped, feeling the sudden, overwhelming heat and wetness pressing against her own crotch. The magical radiation off his cum hit her like a shot of adrenaline.

When he finally stopped, he slumped forward, completely limp. His face rested on her shoulder, his glasses askew. He was panting, drooling slightly onto the collar of her uniform.

The front of his brand-new trousers was ruined. A massive, dark stain spread from his waistband down to his mid-thigh, heavy and saturated with his glowing, sticky essence. The room smelled like musk, sugar, and ozone.

Elara held him up, her arms wrapped tightly around his skinny frame. She was breathing heavily, her eyes closed, absorbing the ambient mana radiating off his mess.

Through his tiredness and the overwhelming scent of their combined musks, along with the faint scent of ionized air, Nelson couldn't help but blush from embarrassment as he felt the wet stain of his mess. "I-I... I'm s-sorry... *pant* I... ruined your pants, Ms. Elara. *Pant*"

Elara didn't answer immediately. She just stood there, holding him, her chest heaving against his. The silence stretched, thick with the scent of ozone, sweat, and his overwhelming musk.

Slowly, she pulled back, just enough to look down between them.

The soft, dark doe-skin of his breeches was a disaster. The massive wet stain had spread, turning the leather a deep, shiny black. It clung to his groin like a second skin, perfectly outlining the still-thick, heavy shape of his exhausted cock and the massive, deflated weight of his testicles. A faint, ghostly blue light pulsed from the wettest parts of the stain, illuminating the shadows between them.

She reached down.

"N-no, please, it's dirty," Nelson stammered, trying to squirm backward, but he was pinned between her and the crates.

"Dirty?" She scoffed softly, pressing her palm flat against the saturated crotch of his pants. The heat radiating from it was intense, like touching a feverish forehead. "It is *power*, Nelson. Pure, unadulterated life force."

She pressed her fingers in, massaging the thick, sticky mess through the leather. Nelson hissed, his eyes fluttering shut. The sensation of his own warm fluids being squeezed against his ultra-sensitive, post-orgasmic skin was a terrifying mix of overstimulation and relief.

"You are so dense with it," she murmured, her accent thickening, the crisp military edge dissolving into something older, more primal. She withdrew her hand. Her fingers were slick with the glowing fluid that had seeped through the porous leather.

She held her hand up, examining the sticky, pearlescent slime coating her fingertips. Then, maintaining agonizingly intense eye contact with him, she brought her fingers to her mouth.

Nelson stopped breathing.

She sucked her index and middle fingers into her mouth, closing her lips around them with a wet pop. Her throat bobbed as she swallowed.

"Gods," she shuddered, her eyes rolling back briefly. A visible flush spread across her pale chest and neck. "It's like swallowing a lightning storm. The resonance... it's staggering."

She pulled her fingers out with a wet *schlick*, licking her lips clean.

"You didn't ruin the pants, Nelson. You baptized them," she said, her voice dropping to a predatory whisper. She stepped closer again, pressing her own hips against the wet stain. "But you are right. They are... uncomfortable now. Cold. Sticky."

"I... I can try to wash them," he offered pathetically, his brain still swimming in the post-nut haze.

"No." She grabbed the front of his tunic and pulled him away from the crates. "We don't have time. And frankly, the smell of you like this will keep the lesser beasts away."

"Come. Fen is waiting."

She marched him out of the supply depot.

The walk back to the barracks was a gauntlet. The wet stain on his trousers was cooling rapidly in the crisp morning air, turning into a clammy, sticky mess that pulled at his leg hair. It was a sensory nightmare, but the *feeling* of Elara walking beside him, her hand occasionally brushing his lower back possessively, made it bearable.

Fen was waiting by the door, picking her teeth with a claw. Her red eyes locked onto the dark stain instantly. Her nostrils flared.

"Well, well," she rumbled, her tail starting a slow, heavy wag. "Looks like someone had a little accident. Or a big one."

She stepped close, brazenly sniffing at Nelson's crotch.

"Heavy musk," she diagnosed, grinning. "Sweeter than before. You got good fuel in you, Sparkler. Maybe Elara is feeding you the good stuff."

She winked at the Captain, who merely adjusted her uniform with a dignified sniff.

"Enough, Fen," Elara said, though she didn't look displeased. "Take him hunting. The Matron said have him fed, and I expect him to be fed by the time she's ready."

"Aye aye, captain," With that said, Fen grabbed Nelson's arm and closely snuggled against him, pressing her fair-skinned J-cup breast against his side, whispering into his ear. "Come on, sparkler, let's go find some meat to put on your bones."

Nelson instantly became flushed with arousal the instant he caught the sight of her giant tits, combined with the heat radiating off of her and the feeling of Fen's hot breath on his ear. Despite having just come earlier with Elara, his erection slowly came back to fruition just from her proximity and musky pheromones.

Fen then noticed a twitching, hard lump pressing against her leg, only for her eyes to seemingly darken as they drifted downward to my erection. She started rubbing her leg against my erect penis, whispering with a heavy breath. "Well, it looks like someone's excited to go on a hunt."

"Nngph, F-Fen..." Nelson tried to put some space between himself and the ravenous wolf girl despite his burgeoning arousal, but it felt like trying to pry himself off of a tightly-wound bar of steel. She practically dragged Nelson's body toward the village's entrance, wrapping her tail around his leg like a snake coiling around a tree branch.

"Aww, look at the little mage trying to fight it," Fen purred, her voice dropping into a guttural, vibrating octave that resonated against his ribcage. She didn't loosen her grip; she leaned *harder* into him. The sheer, overwhelming mass of her **J-cup** breast crushed against his bicep, soft and infinitely heavy, her hardened nipple digging through the thin fabric of her tunic.

Every step they took was a calculated friction burn. Her muscular thigh, encased in tight, dark leather, slid against his ruined, wet breeches. She was deliberately grinding the seam of her pants against the swelling ridge of his erection, using the dried, sticky residue of his recent orgasm as a lubricant.

Slurp. Glide. Slurp.

The sound of the damp leather slipping against itself was obscenely loud to Nelson's hypersensitive ears.

"F-Fen, please, people are looking," Nelson whimpered, his face burning hotter than a forge.

He wasn't wrong. As they crossed the village square, every Elven archer, every Oni blacksmith, every Cat-girl scout stopped what they were doing. They watched Fen dragging the skinny, dark-skinned human male, their eyes drawn instantly to the massive, dark stain spreading across the front of his soft doe-skin pants.

"Let 'em look," Fen barked, a low, territorial rumble vibrating in her throat. She flashed a predatory, fanged grin at a group of Elves who were staring a little too hungrily. "He's mine for the afternoon. And he's already primed. See that, girls?" She pointed a clawed finger down at Nelson's crotch. "He's dripping like a busted sap bucket just from me walking next to him."

Nelson wanted to die. He wanted the earth to open up and swallow him. But his biology betrayed him entirely. The humiliation, the raw, unfiltered dominance of her public display, was a direct hit to his touch-starved, broken psyche.

His penis, which had been a soft, achy lump a minute ago, surged to life with terrifying violence. It kicked against the wet leather, a furious 7-inch rod of hardened muscle and veins, lifting the fabric of the breeches to form a sharp, unmistakable tent.

"Hnngh!" A strangled, breathless sound tore from his throat. The sudden engorgement pulled at the sticky, drying semen coating his skin underneath the pants, stinging the sensitive glans.

Fen laughed, the sound loud and barking. "Oh, Goddess, you really are a hair-trigger, aren't you, Sparkler?"

She stopped walking abruptly, yanking him around to face her. The village gate was just ahead.

She didn't care who was watching. She reached out and grabbed the bulge through the wet leather. Her grip was firm, calloused, and unbelievably hot.

"Ah! F-fuck... your hand..." Nelson gasped, his eyes rolling back as his knees buckled. He grabbed her wrists, but he wasn't pushing her away; he was trying to keep himself upright.

"You're scorching," Fen murmured, her red eyes blown wide, the pupils swallowing the irises. The ambient magic humming under his skin interacted with the primal beastkin magic in hers. "And you're already leaking again. Look at this."

She squeezed the base of his shaft.

A fresh, hot pearl of glowing white fluid oozed from the slit of his cock, pressing through the saturated leather to form a new, wet dot on the dark stain.

"You really need that meat, don't you?" she whispered, her hot breath ghosting across his lips, smelling of raw iron and predatory musk. "You need the fat to build up the walls, or you're just gonna keep bleeding magic cum every time a woman breathes on you."

"Y-yes... I need... food. And to... get this off me," Nelson whined, his hips instinctively thrusting forward, grinding his wet, throbbing cock into the rough palm of her hand.

"Oh, we're not taking these off," Fen grinned, her tail swishing so hard it cracked like a whip. "You're gonna hunt in these. I want you marinating in your own scent. It drives the beasts crazy. And it drives *me* crazy."

She let go of his cock, giving it one last, agonizingly slow squeeze that made Nelson bite his lip until it bled, and then spun him toward the forest.

"Come on, sparkler," she commanded, her voice thick with lust and anticipation. "Let's go find something big, fat, and bloody to feed that pipe of yours."

They cleared the tree line, leaving the hum of the village behind. The forest was different in the daylight. The colossal trees were still intimidating, but the air felt less like a haunted house and more like a massive, breathing lung. The humidity was oppressive, carrying the scent of damp earth, blooming ferns, and ozone.

Nelson trailed behind Fen, his sneakers squelching in the mud. Every step was a negotiation. The doe-skin breeches, stiffened by his dried semen and re-wetted by his fresh arousal, had become a friction-trap.

Schhh-rip. Schhh-rip.

The sound of his swollen, hyper-sensitive cock sliding against the saturated leather made his teeth grind together. He was walking with a wide, awkward stance, trying to keep the fabric off the angry red head of his penis.

"You're loud, Sparkler," Fen growled without looking back, her ears swiveling to track a sound in the canopy. "You sound like two wet hams slapping together."

"I... I can't help it," Nelson whined, his voice tight. "It's chafing. And it's... it's heavy."

His testicles had descended fully, humming with a renewed, furious charge. The brief respite Elara had given him was gone. His body was an engine running at 10,000 RPM with no coolant, desperately trying to convert the ambient magic into fluid to prevent a blowout.

Fen stopped abruptly, holding up a clawed hand.

Nelson bumped into her, his chest hitting her broad, muscular back. The sudden stop sent a jolt of pain-pleasure straight to his groin.

"Quiet," she breathed, her tail going rigid.

Nelson froze. His senses were involuntarily scanning the frequencies of the forest.

Nelson's eyes were practically glued to her form as he stood behind her. Fen was wearing a simple, rugged leather top that tied in the front, and from his angle, the sheer volume of her breasts—the immense, gravity-defying **J-cups**—spilled dangerously out of the sides, the pale, smooth skin of her torso gleaming with a fine sheen of sweat. Below, her dark, furred legs tensed, the muscles coiled like springs beneath her tight trousers.

God, she's built like a tank, his brain buzzed, the analytical side warring with the sheer horniness.

"You feel it?" Fen whispered, not turning around. Her voice was barely a vibration.

Nelson swallowed hard, trying to tune out the rhythmic throb of his own erection against the stiffened doe-skin. He narrowed his eyes at the tree-line his eyes.

He felt a shift in his perception, as if he could *sense* a moving target within the forest like some kind radar system; it felt big, but he couldn't quite make out other details aside from its size..

"Yeah," Nelson breathed, his voice shaky. "It's... big. and heavy. Right about... over there."

He shakily pointed a finger to his left at a roughly 38 angle.

Fen followed the trajectory of his trembling finger. Her red eyes narrowed into slits.

"Good nose, Sparkler," she whispered, dropping into a predatory crouch. Her J-cups settled onto her thighs, the leather top groaning under the sheer, fleshy displacement. "Not bad for a hairless pup."

She didn't reach for a bow or a spear. She simply flexed her hands, the black fur bristling along her forearms, her claws extending a fraction of an inch with a soft *snikt*.

"Stay behind me. If it charges, you zap it. But don't fry the fat. We need it raw."

She crept forward, silent as a ghost despite her mass. Nelson followed, wincing as the dried, starchy leather of his breeches scraped against his raw, hypersensitive cock. It was excruciating. The constant, agonizing friction was turning the "need to cum" from a desire into a frantic, biological necessity.

Thwack. Scritch. Thwack.

"Ugh, fuck me," he choked out silently, biting his lip until he tasted blood, trying to mute the sound of his own erection battling his pants.

They moved through a patch of dense, bioluminescent ferns. The air grew thicker, smelling faintly of sulfur and wet earth.

Suddenly, Fen stopped. She didn't crouch; she froze, standing straight up.

"It's not a deer," she said, her voice dropping into a low, vibrating growl that made the hair on the back of Nelson's neck stand up.

Nelson peeked around her broad shoulder, his glasses catching the dappled light.

About twenty meters ahead, tearing a massive, glowing blue fungus out of the ground with jaws that looked like a steel trap, was a creature out of a nightmare.

It looked like a cross between a rhino and a komodo dragon, but it was easily the size of a Ford F-150. Its fur was a mottled, sickly gray, hanging in thick, matted clumps. But the worst part was the plating. It was built like a fucking armored tank with its thick, jagged slabs of black bone protruded from its shoulders, spine, and forearms, glowing faintly with a sickly green energy.

"What... what the fuck is **that**?" Nelson whispered, his breath caught in his throat, terrified but unable to look away.

"A Land-Drake," Fen spat, her voice a low rumble of pure adrenaline. She wasn't backing away. Her tail was straight out, stiff as a board. "Tough as iron. Meaner than a mother wyvern. And full of the thickest, highest-grade tallow in this part of the forest."

She turned her head slightly, her red eyes locking onto Nelson. The pupils were fully dilated, swallowing the crimson irises.

"You need to eat, Sparkler. But first, you've gotta work for it. Don't fry the fat."

She didn't give him a warning or a plan.

With an explosive sound like a whip crack, Fen launched herself.

The sheer kinetic force of her jump kicked up a shower of damp earth and moss. The air displacement whipped Nelson's hoodie, making him step back in shock.

The Land-Drake didn't have time to roar. Fen crashed into its flank like a fur-covered meteor, her knee driving into the seam between the black bone plates with the force of a hydraulic press.

The impact was deafening. *CRUNCH*.

The creature let out a high-pitched, metallic shriek that rattled Nelson's teeth. It whipped its massive, scaled head around, jaws snapping shut where Fen had been a millisecond before. But she was already gone, rebounding off its side and landing lightly on a thick tree root.

"Now!" she barked, her fangs bared in a feral, terrifying grin. Her **J-cups** heaved under her leather top, the nipples practically punching through the fabric from the sheer physiological rush of combat. "Light it up!"

Nelson's heart hammered against his ribs. He was taken aback at Fen's agile strength, even as the sight of it sent a pang of physical insecurity within him, but there wasn't time for that now. His brain recognized the threat of the Land-Drake closing in on his position. It saw the skinny, shivering boy in the green tunic. With an angered grunt, it lowered its horned head, digging its claws into the mud, ready to charge.

Oh, fuck!

He didn't have time to think. With mere seconds on the clock, he only had his bare hands and an ungodly amount of pent-up pressure throbbing in his testicles.

He raised his right hand, opening up his palm toward the target. He squeezed his glutes, feeling the heavy, agonizing weight of his semen churn. He tried summoning another lightning storm, but he was tapped out of reserves. In a bout of panic, he could feel a faint breeze of the wind flow around his hand. Nelson didn't know if it was conscious or not, but he felt the energy from his balls travel up his body through his hand, causing the wind to swirl into a ball the size of a tennis ball.

"Okay. Please work."

He pushed.

He shoved his palm forward, not with a chant, but with a desperate, guttural scream of pure survival instinct.

The ball of compressed air didn't fly; it detonated from his hand.

BOOM.

The sound wasn't a crack of thunder; it was the sickening, concussive *whump* of a mortar shell firing. The recoil lifted Nelson clean off his feet, throwing him backward into a patch of wet ferns. His shoulder slammed into a root, knocking the breath out of him in a wheezing gasp.

But the projectile was devastating.

The compressed air hit the Land-Drake square in the side of its thick, gray skull. It wasn't heat; it was pure, unadulterated kinetic trauma. The impact cratered the beast's armored plating,

sending a spiderweb of cracks radiating across the black bone. The creature's head snapped sideways with such violence that the cervical vertebrae sheared with an audible, wet *snap*.

It collapsed instantly, a multi-ton heap of muscle and scale hitting the mud, twitching uselessly.

Nelson lay on his back in the ferns, staring up at the canopy, gasping for air. His shoulder throbbed, but that pain was eclipsed by what was happening lower down.

The spell had been a massive dump of magic,

And the pressure rebounded.

"F-fuck... nnngh," Nelson whined, curling into a fetal position.

His testicles felt like they were packed with wet cement. They were dragging against the leather breeches so hard it felt like his internal cords were going to snap. His erection, which had been painfully stiff during the hike, was now at a terrifying, engorged maximum. It was so hard it actually felt cold, the skin stretched paper-thin over the throbbing purple veins. A thick, continuous string of clear, glowing pre-cum was leaking from his slit, soaking his stomach through his green tunic.

He couldn't even stand up. The biological tax of using wind magic without a focus, without proper insulation, was ravaging his body. He was starving. He was cold. And he was so unbelievably, desperately horny that it felt like madness.

A shadow fell over him.

Fen stood there, her chest heaving. She wasn't looking at the dead Land-Drake. She was looking down at Nelson, curled in the mud, clutching his crotch, tears mixing with the grime on his glasses.

Her nostrils flared. The scent of ozone, ruptured blood vessels, and his heavy, musky, glowing semen hit her like a physical blow.

"Goddess," she whispered, her voice dropping into that guttural, vibrating octave. She dropped to her knees beside him in the mud, completely ignoring the grime on her black fur.

"I... I can't... it hurts too much," Nelson sobbed, his voice cracking. He tried to adjust the tight doe-skin breeches, but his hands were shaking too badly. "Fen, please. I'm gonna explode."

Fen didn't hesitate. Her hands, massive and tipped with claws, gripped the waistband of his leather breeches. She didn't bother with the buttons. She just ripped.

The soft doe-skin tore with a loud, violent sound, exposing his groin entirely.

Nelson gasped, a high-pitched, needy sound, as the cool forest air hit his agonizingly overheated flesh.

His penis sprang free, hitting his stomach with a wet, heavy smack. It was a terrifying, beautiful monolith—seven inches of dark, furious meat, so engorged it was almost purple at the head. A thick rope of the pearlescent, glowing fluid was already welling from the slit, trailing down the shaft and pooling in his navel.

Beneath it, his testicles rested on the mud, huge, heavy, and pulsing with an eerie blue light that cast a sickly glow on Fen's dark fur.

"Fuck," Fen growled, her eyes widening, pupils blown out completely. Her tail thumped against the wet ground in a slow, rhythmic beat. "You weren't lying. You're a walking pressure bomb."

She leaned in close. The smell of him was overwhelming—sweet, metallic, heavy with pure magical potential.

Nelson couldn't form coherent thoughts. The sight of her—the massive, heaving J-cups practically spilling out of her tied leather top, her red eyes locked onto his cock with pure, predatory hunger—erased his anxiety.

"Fen," he whined, his voice thick and slurred. He didn't cover himself. Instead, he unconsciously arched his back, pushing his hips up toward her. His hands fluttered, desperate to touch her but too terrified of his own weakness to initiate. "Please... touch it! It's so tight! It feels like... like I'm gonna burst if you don't take it out!"

Fen chuckled, a dark, throaty sound that made her massive breasts tremble. She reached out and wrapped her hand around the base of his shaft.

The friction was a physical shockwave of heat.

"Ah! Oh, fuck yes!" Nelson moaned, his head thrashing in the ferns as his hips frantically bucked against her hand. "Squeeze it. Squeeze it harder."

Fen's grip was brutal. She squeezed the base of his cock so tight that the pressure sent a spike of agonizing pleasure straight to his prostate, so intense it made his vision pixelate.

"You're begging like a bitch in heat, Sparkler," she taunted, her voice vibrating right against his sweating stomach as she leaned over him. She began to stroke, dragging the thick, glowing pre-cum up and down his shaft. The wet, slapping sound echoed obscenely loud in the quiet forest. "Does it hurt? Does it hurt having this much juice backed up inside a body this scrawny?"

Nelson didn't flinch at the insult. His skinny, shivering frame, coated in mud and sweat, felt pathetic under her massive, muscular presence. But despite that disparity, it acted as the accelerant his broken libido craved.

"Y-yes! Fuck, yes, it hurts!" he screamed, his fingers digging desperately into the soft, loamy earth, anchoring himself against the sensation. He bucked his hips upward with every stroke, chasing her hand, needy and entirely devoid of shame. "Make it come out, Fen! Just... milk it! Drain me dry, Mommy!"

He clamped his hands onto his own thin thighs, spreading them wider, completely submitting his exposed, throbbing genitals to her abuse. His breathing was rapid, shallow pants, drool pooling at the corner of his mouth.

"M-mm-mommy?" Fen choked out a laugh, pausing her strokes for a second. Her red eyes flashed with dark amusement and possessive heat. She didn't look disgusted. She looked delighted. "You're a sick little freak, aren't you? A starving little pup who just wants to be handled."

She leaned closer. The leather ties of her top finally gave out, snapping under the pressure. Her massive, heavy J-cups tumbled out, slapping wetly against Nelson's bare chest. They were hot, covered in fine black fur at the edges, the nipples large, dark, and stiff as pebbles. The sheer weight of them resting on his ribcage was intoxicating; it felt like a weighted blanket, grounding his overstimulated nerves.

Nelson let out a strangled sob of pure ecstasy at the contact. His hands, shaking uncontrollably, flew up. He didn't ask permission. He buried his fingers into the impossibly soft, heavy mounds of her breasts, kneading them with frantic, clumsy desperation.

"T-tits... big tits... oh fuck," he babbled, his eyes rolling back as he felt the density of her flesh. He buried his face in her cleavage, inhaling the heavy, feral musk of sweat and dog and magic. "Please, Fen... I need it! Please, let me fuck you!"

"Fuck me?" Fen laughed, a sharp bark that rattled Nelson's sternum. She pressed her massive, bare breasts harder against his face, nearly suffocating him in sweat and soft flesh. "You couldn't handle fucking me right now, Sparkler. You're shivering like a wet rat, and your balls are about to pop. If you try to stick this inside me while you're running this hot, you'll rupture a blood vessel."

She released his cock. The sudden absence of friction made Nelson whine, a high, desperate sound. He bucked his hips frantically, seeking the lost pressure, his hands still clutching desperately at her heavy tits.

"Don't stop! P-please don't stop!" he sobbed, rubbing his face back and forth in the valley of her J-cups, desperate for any grounding sensation. "I'm gonna explode... I swear to God..."

"I know," she murmured. Her voice lost the mocking edge, dropping into a low, predatory rumble. "I'm going to take care of it, little pup."

She didn't use her hands. She shifted her weight, straddling his skinny thighs.

She leaned down, her thick, black hair tickling his stomach.

Nelson froze. The chaotic, manic hum in his brain screeched to a halt as he realized what she was doing.

She didn't hesitate, nor did she didn't offer any gentle prelude. She opened her mouth and took him in.

The wet, searing heat of her mouth engulfing the head of his cock was a shockwave.

"Hhhhuuuuuu-ckkkk!" Nelson's back arched violently, his head slamming into the wet moss. His fingers dug into her breasts so hard it had to hurt, but Fen didn't care.

It wasn't a gentle blowjob. She took as much of his seven-inch length into her throat as she could, her lips sealing tightly around the base of the shaft. The suction was agonizingly intense, a deep, rhythmic pull that felt like she was trying to suck his very soul out through his urethra. He could feel her sharp canines scraping lightly against his swollen, hyper-sensitive skin—a terrifying, exhilarating reminder that she could bite it off if she wanted to.

But the most overwhelming sensation was her tongue. It was rough, hot, and agile, swirling around the weeping slit, licking up the glowing, pearlescent fluid as fast as he leaked it.

"Oh fuck! Oh God! Fen! Yes! YES!"

Nelson completely lost his mind. He was nothing but a conduit for raw, explosive magic and teenage lust.

He grabbed the back of her head, weaving his fingers into her thick black hair, holding her down against his groin. He wasn't gentle. He thrust his hips upward, ramming his throbbing meat deeper into her throat with clumsy, frantic force, entirely abandoning any shame about his scrawny body pinned beneath her muscular frame.

Fen took it. She grunted around his cock, her throat bobbing as she swallowed the copious amounts of thick, glowing pre-cum flooding her mouth. Her massive breasts bounced and slapped against his stomach with every thrust he made, the heavy impacts echoing obscenely in the quiet forest.

The pressure inside him hit the breaking point. The blue glow in his testicles surged, so bright it illuminated the mud beneath him. The magical charge rushed up his spine, setting his nerves on fire.

"I'M CUMMING! I'M CUMMING IN YOUR MOUTH!"

Nelson didn't try to hold back. With a final, desperate thrust, he pinned her head to his groin and erupted.

The first jet hit the back of her throat with the force of a firehose.

It was a torrential, searing-hot flood of dense, glowing fluid, bursting from his cock with a violence that made his entire scrawny frame spasm. Nelson sobbed, a high, broken wail of

absolute release, as his hips locked upward, burying his throbbing length to the hilt in the wet, suffocating heat of her mouth.

Fen didn't choke. She didn't gag. Her powerful jaw muscles worked furiously, her throat bobbing in large, audible gulps as she took every drop of the boiling, magical payload. The thick, viscous "Mana-Semen" flooded her oral cavity faster than she could swallow, overflowing her lips and spilling down her chin in glowing, pearlescent streams that dripped onto Nelson's bare stomach.

"Yes! Fuck, YES! Drink it, Mommy! Drain my balls!" Nelson babbled hysterically, his voice cracking into a shrill whine. He was completely out of his mind, his fingers still tangled in her black hair, holding her face flush against his groin as he pumped wildly. "Take all of it! I have so much! Please empty me out!"

He was firing blanks of pure ecstasy now, his prostate clenching and milking out wave after wave of thick, hot slime. The glowing blue light in his heavy testicles finally began to dim, the agonizing pressure bleeding away, transferred directly into the Beastkin's gullet.

His skinny chest heaved, his ribs sticking out pathetically as he gasped for air. He felt so small, so fragile pinned beneath her dense, muscular body. His pale, bony hands looked ridiculous tangled in the thick mane of an apex predator, but he couldn't let go. He needed the physical anchor.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity of convulsive, eye-rolling pleasure, the violent spurts slowed to a heavy, rhythmic pulsing.

Fen pulled back slowly, her lips sliding up the slick, hypersensitive shaft of his cock with a loud, wet schlooop.

Nelson gasped, his hips twitching weakly as the warm forest air hit his wet skin.

Fen sat back on her heels, straddling his thighs. She was a sight of absolute, profane worship. Her face, her chin, and the front of her neck were coated in his glowing white seed. The sticky fluid dripped onto the massive, pale globes of her bare J-cup breasts, sliding over the dark, stiff peaks of her nipples. She ran a thick, black-furred forearm across her mouth, catching a string of his cum and licking it off her own wrist with a wet, sloppy slurp.

"Gods above, Sparkler," she panted, her red eyes burning with a hazy, satiated heat. Her breath smelled of his musk and the sweet, ozone-tinged scent of raw magic. "You weren't kidding. You unloaded half a pint of liquid fire into me. My whole jaw is buzzing."

Nelson lay in the mud, utterly devastated. His arms flopped uselessly to his sides, falling into the wet ferns. His penis, still slick and coated in his own glowing mess, rested against his stomach, slowly softening but still unnervingly thick.

He looked up at her, his vision swimming. The sight of this terrifying, beautiful wolf-woman covered in his cum, her impossibly huge breasts heaving right above his frail, shivering chest, made a fresh wave of shameful heat pool in his stomach.

However, just as Nelson was reliving in the afterglow of that insense orgasm, the wave of post-orgasmic clarity crashed down on him like a wave after a storm. Combining the shame he felt for making such a mess with the intense waves of emotion felt during the blowjob, Nelson began to cry, carrying what began as a whimper into a sob.

He threw a scrawny forearm over his eyes, hiding his face behind his dirty sleeve. His shoulders shook violently as wracking, ugly sobs tore from his chest.

"I'm... I'm s-sorry," he choked out, his voice thick with snot and misery. The tears burned as they cut tracks through the dirt on his face. "I'm so fucking disgusting. I'm a m-mess. I can't stop leaking and crying and... and acting like a freak. I just wanted you to... to touch me."

He curled inward, drawing his knees up defensively, trying to hide his still-wet, exposed genitals. The shame was a physical weight, heavier than the pressure had ever been. He felt the phantom echoes of his brother's fists, the phantom sneers of the girls in P.G. County. He was convinced, down to his gut, that Fen was about to laugh at him. That she'd kick him for being a weak, pathetic crybaby who couldn't even handle a blowjob without weeping.

"I didn't m-mean to... to call you Mommy," he hiccuped, the humiliation so profound it made him physically nauseous. "I know I'm a loser. P-please don't hit me."

The silence in the forest stretched for a terrible, agonizing second.

Then, a massive shadow blocked the sun.

Fen didn't laugh. She didn't mock him.

Instead, Nelson felt a heavy, warm weight settle over him.

Fen dropped forward, pressing her entire upper body against his. The sheer, overwhelming mass of her bare **J-cup** breasts flattened against his shivering chest, acting as two massive, biological heating pads. The soft, doughy fat yielded, but the muscle beneath was solid, trapping him against the earth in a suffocating, inescapable embrace.

"Hit you?" Fen murmured, her voice stripped of its usual mocking growl, dropping into a low, rumbling purr that vibrated directly into his sternum. "Why the fuck would I hit you?"

She grabbed his wrists and pulled his arm away from his eyes. She pinned his hands to the mud beside his head.

Nelson blinked through his tears, his breath hitching. Her face was inches from his. She was still coated in the sticky, glowing residue of his orgasm. It was smeared across her chin and cheek, catching the dappled sunlight. But her red eyes weren't predatory anymore; they were dark, focused, and intensely grounding.

"B-because I'm... I'm pathetic," Nelson sobbed, a fresh tear escaping to track into his hairline. "I'm a skinny, weak crybaby. You're this... this huge, strong warrior, and I just screamed and cried and came all over your mouth like a sick freak. I'm broken. I'm supposed to be strong. I'm a man... I'm supposed to be..."

"Shut the fuck up, Nelson."

It was a firm, absolute command that cut through his panic like a knife through wet paper.

Fen shifted her weight, sliding her thick, furred thighs down to pin his hips, deliberately pressing her own damp, leather-clad crotch against his deflating penis. The pressure was heavy, locking him to the earth.

"Listen to me," she growled, her hot breath washing over his face. "I don't give a shit about whatever stupid rules you had back in your old home. You think crying makes you weak? You think leaking mana makes you a freak? You think being a 'man' means you can't beg to be taken care of?"

She lowered her head and began to lick the tears off his dirty cheek. Her tongue was rough, hot, and surprisingly tender. The bizarre intimacy of the gesture made Nelson's breath hitch.

"You're a live reactor, Sparkler," she murmured between laps, tasting the salt of his sorrow.

"Your soul is a fucking raging dam connected to the ocean. If you tried to bottle that up and act 'tough' like one of those dead human knights, your brain would boil inside your skull within a week."

She nuzzled her wet nose into his neck, inhaling deeply.

"You're supposed to feel it all. You're supposed to cry when the pressure drops. You're supposed to beg. And you're supposed to need a big, strong bitch like me to drain your balls and pin you down so you don't float away. That's your biology, little pup."

She pulled back, looking down at his chest, which was heaving beneath the suffocating, glorious weight of her massive tits.

"And as for calling me Mommy..." A slow, wicked grin spread across her face, revealing her sharp canines. "Don't apologize for that, either. If you produce this much juice every day, you're gonna need a whole pack of Mommies just to keep you sane. And I don't mind being one of them."

Nelson stared at her, the knot of terror and shame in his stomach slowly unspooling. The crushing fear of being rejected for his freakishness was dissolving under the sheer, unapologetic reality of her acceptance. She didn't just tolerate his needy horniness; she saw it as a necessary part of his power.

"You... you really don't think I'm gross?" he whimpered, a final, wet snuffle escaping him.

"Gross?" Fen let out a deep, rolling growl of pure, protective amusement. "Sparkler, look at me."

She sat back slightly, the movement lifting the crushing weight of her J-cup breasts off his chest just enough for him to look down. She ran a clawed hand down her sticky cleavage, scooping up a thick, white, glowing glob of his semen that had pooled on her sternum.

"I have your hot spunk smeared all over my face, dripping down my neck, and caked onto my nipples," she said, her voice dropping into a guttural, unhurried drawl. She brought her fingers to her mouth and sucked them clean, her red eyes locked on his. "Do I look like I'm complaining? Do I look like I want to throw up?"

Nelson swallowed, his throat dry, his cheeks burning so hot they felt raw. "I... no."

"This is *living*, Nelson," she said, her tone softening into something almost reverent, yet still undeniably feral. She pressed her hand flat against his dark, bare ribs, feeling the rapid, fragile flutter of his heart. "My wolf instinct doesn't read this as 'gross.' It reads this as the most concentrated piece of vitality on the planet. I can feel my own muscles twitching just from swallowing it. You are a walking goldmine, and any woman in our village would fight to the death to have you leak all over her."

She leaned down and pressed a wet, heavy kiss to his forehead, her lips sticky with his fluids.

"You are skinny. You have no armor. Your bones are small," she murmured, her hand sliding down to trace his collarbone. "But that is just the chassis. You were built in a world without flow, so your body never had a reason to grow."

Now you are here. And we are going to build you into a tank."

She grabbed his hands and hauled him up into a sitting position. Nelson's head spun for a second, his "magical Hypoglycemia" making his vision gray out around the edges. His soft, messy cock flopped wetly against his lower stomach, the head still glistening with a faint, blue-white luminescence.

He looked down at the ruined doe-skin breeches. The front was completely saturated, a heavy, black, and glowing wet-spot that stuck to his thighs.

"We need to get you fed," Fen said, standing up and reaching back to tie her leather top. The knot was tight, but her massive breasts still bulged out of the sides, looking heavy and raw. "You just dumped a massive amount of charge into me, and your blood sugar is at zero. If you don't eat some fat right now, you're gonna pass out, and I don't feel like carrying your skinny ass back to the village."

She turned to the dead Land-Drake, its massive, armored corpse lying silent in the mud.

"Come on, little pup," she said, her fangs bared in a hungry grin. "Let's go harvest your first kill. You're gonna eat the liver raw, and then we're going to carve out the hump fat. You're gonna need every single calorie."

She leaned down and pressed a wet, heavy kiss to his forehead, her lips sticky with his fluids. Feeling the pressure and heat from her lips, combined with the heavy weight of her tits on his chest and the tangy smell of their combined musk, sent an instant feeling of warmth throughout

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.